

THE SKETCH, JUNE 22, 1921

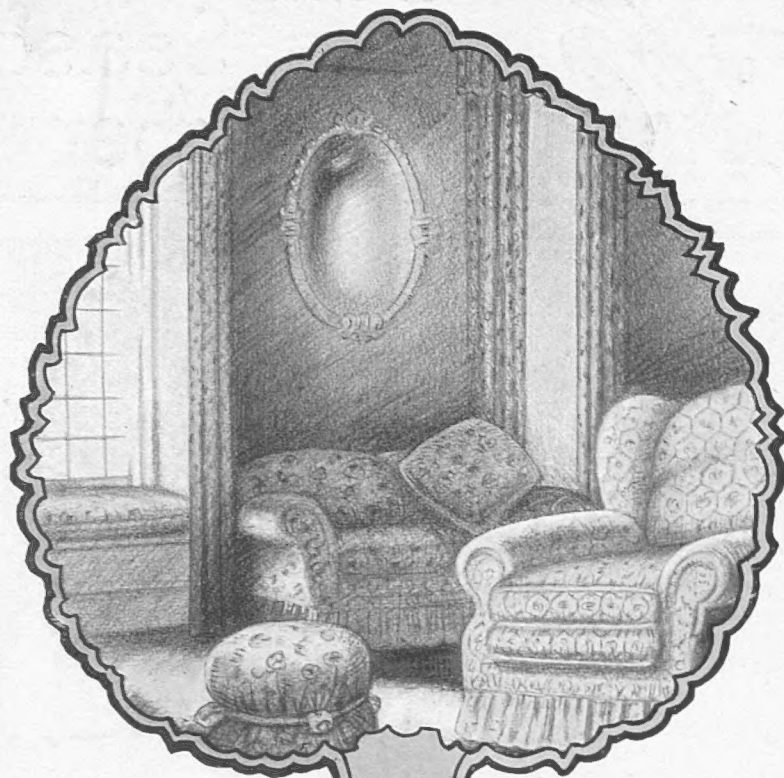
# The Sketch

Summer  
Season  
Number



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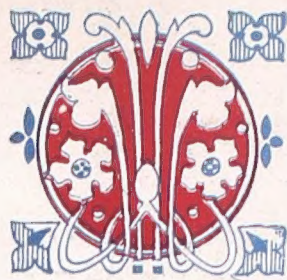
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# THE SKETCH



No. 1482. — Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.

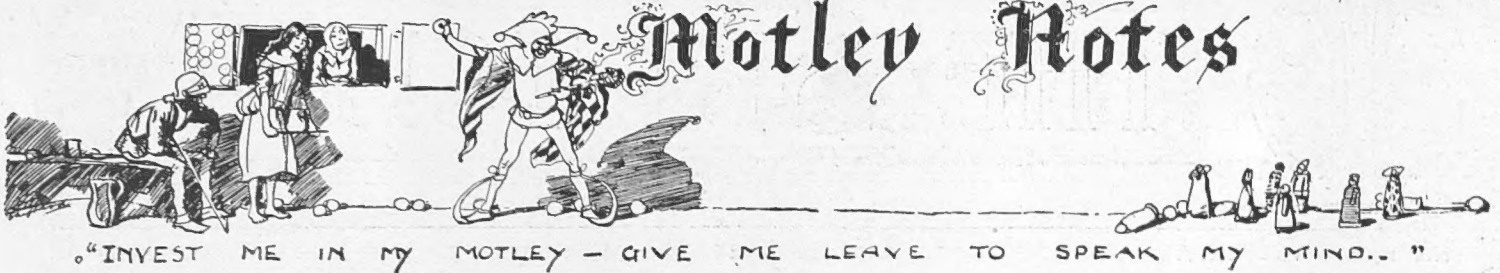


THE "HELPLESS" AUTOCRAT OF "IF": MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Miss Gladys Cooper not only looks dazzlingly beautiful as Miralda Clement, the heroine of Lord Dunsany's "If," which was recently produced at the Ambassadors', but gives a splendid rendering of the poet peer's amusing creation. Miralda, the Cockney, who goes to Persia in search of a fortune, is a "helpless" beauty, always appealing to the

strong and chivalrous male, yet by her insistence forcing him to serve her slavishly, and even commit murder at her behest. The play is staged in 1903-1913, but our natural-colour photograph shows Miss Cooper in 1921 costume, wearing an exquisite cloak designed and made by Reville.—[Natural-Colour Photograph by Reville Studios.]





By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

#### Farewell to Rouen.

Farewell, dear, picturesque old Rouen! Never have I seen thee save from the train, and now I never shall see thee, even from the train.

The journey between Paris and Dieppe, once so beautiful, has been sacrificed to mere expediency. For Rouen you get Pontoise! What has Pontoise to recommend it to your notice? It manufactures chemicals. That is typical of the modern spirit. To save half an hour or so you fling Rouen and the lovely Seine to the winds, and take in exchange a place where they manufacture chemicals! Small wonder that all the poets die at the first plausible opportunity!

Of course, you can still travel to Rouen if you insist upon it, and so from Rouen to Dieppe. But the railway company do not encourage you to take that route. They make it as difficult as they can. The time-table no longer opens, of itself, at "Rouen." A persistent man, I suppose, could still make it open at Rouen, and find a train to Rouen, and get in it, and go to Rouen. But who is going to be persistent against supercilious clerks with pale faces and much rapid French? Not I.

Rouen, therefore, will be forgotten. The old and narrow streets, the cathedral, the timber-fronted houses, the church of St. Gervais—all those delights are not for me. One of these days, I shall find myself wandering miserably through the chemical factories of Pontoise.

#### Discovery of Dieppe.

The tale, however, is not only sad. If I missed Rouen, I discovered Dieppe. You are all wrong about Dieppe, friend the reader. You think it is a row of squalid houses, that stare cynically at drenched passengers, faint from sea-sickness and their struggles with the Custom house officials. It is noted, in your mind, as a shabby little town where the railway line runs through the street, and centime-snatching children and women try to make you buy postcards through the window of your compartment. That is your impression of Dieppe. Confess it. And that was my impression of Dieppe, for years and years.

Now I know better. Dieppe is quite a charming seaside resort—a little spoiled, perhaps, by English visitors who pretend to be of some consequence in their own country, but refreshingly quaint in its streets, far more truly French in tone than Boulogne, and quite beautiful in its surrounding country.

My favourite resort was not the esplanade, not the American cocktail dispensary, not even the Casino—except at night. The part I favoured was the Rue de la Barre—a long street of little shops, open air markets, peasantry, townsfolk, simple *cafés*, and a jolly little hotel presided over by a smiling, sporting young Englishman.

#### At the Casino.

I was lucky in finding the Casino open. It was not opened expressly for my benefit, but it looked like that. Whitsuntide had come and gone, and the Casino was about to close again until the summer season set in with full vigour. The attendants, of whom there were a large number, seemed listless and mournful. In the ball-room, the orchestra played passionate dance-music for two or three couples of revolving girls. In the reading-room, had a pin crashed to the floor, three old ladies from England would have screamed in a discreet, English manner. In the gaming-salon, half-a-dozen croupiers sat about with their dusty little rakes and waited for victims who came not.

I did my best to brighten everybody up—having frequently been told that such is my mission in life. I went into the reading room and opened a copy of some English journal which had apparently lain there, quite neglected, for many moons. There was not much dust on it, however, and I made quite a show of alert intelligence for three or four minutes. I then went into the dancing-salon and clapped my hands. The dancers stopped dancing, and the orchestra missed a bar, but I had done my bit.

"La Boule." In the evening I played, hectically, at "La Boule." The atmosphere was not so formal as Monte Carlo. I snuggled up to the croupier, who looked as lonely as myself, and we pretended, quite admirably, to be a crowd. The croupier provided me with a lot of imitation francs, and I did my best to keep him busy.

Things woke up. People came in from other rooms and looked on. I preserved the impassive demeanour of the born gambler. When I lost a franc I would smile, slightly, as who should say, "The days are long since past when my pulse beat more quickly after such a blow as that!" When I won two francs, and the croupier collected it for me with his little rake (I could easily have reached it for myself, but the poor fellow was dying for lack of rake exercise), I would leave the whole amount lying on the table, temptingly, tantalisingly, maddeningly. Then the serried mass of five on-lookers would nudge each other, as much as to say, "These

devils of English! Not to them is the heightened colour! *Sang-froid!* *Ma foi!* Look at all that money lying there! It would be the same, no doubt, if it were the whole of his patrimony!" (It would.)

"La Boule" is a much-maligned game. It is true, no doubt, that you cannot win at it, but what of that? The great point is that you lose, if you are careful, very slowly. The croupier and I exchanged these two francs fifty times in half-an-hour. In the end, I let him keep them.



PRECEDED BY A BLACK CAT: THE PRIME MINISTER'S SON, MAJOR G. LLOYD GEORGE, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS EDNA JONES, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The marriage of Major Gwilym Lloyd George to Miss Edna Gwenfron Jones, youngest daughter of Mr. David Jones, of Gwynfa, Denbigh, took place in the Welsh Wesleyan Chapel at Carnarvon, from the house of the Mayor, Mr. Owen Jones, brother-in-law of the bride. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Lloyd George attended the wedding, which was conducted throughout in Welsh. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the chapel, preceded by a black cat as a luck-bringer.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]



## The Wife of a "74·Not·Out" Test Cricketer.



WITH HAROLD AND MARK: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON.

The batting of Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, who was dropped into our Test Match side at the last moment, when Fry decided not to play, was one of the bright spots for England, as his 74 (not out) and Woolley's 95 and 93 were the big scores for England. The Hon.

Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, who is shown in our photograph with her two little boys, Harold and Mark Tennyson, is the daughter of the first Baron Glenconner. She is one of the most beautiful women in Society.—[Portrait Study by Marcus Adams.]



## DAZZLING DRESSES UNDER A DAZZLING



A CHARMING TRIO: MISS GREENWELL, MISS HARTER, AND MISS E. HARTER.



WITH HER DAUGHTER, MRS. CECIL FANE: MRS. STANLEY BARRY.



PRETTY SISTERS: MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH



WITH MRS. VICTOR KELLY: MRS. EDWARD TOLLEMACHE.



WITH MISS RITA REDHEAD: LORD ROTHERMERE.



AN IRISH PEERESS: LADY POWERSCOURT.



THE CHARM OF THE LARGE MRS. BERTIE

Dazzling June sunshine showed many dazzling dresses to advantage at Ascot, and they were worn by what must surely be the loveliest collection of women in the world. Our pages show some Gold Cup Day snapshots of well-known people and charming gowns. Mrs. Cecil Fane, who is shown with her mother, Mrs. Stanley Barry, is the wife of Colonel Cecil Fane, C.M.G., D.S.O., who commands the 12th Lancers. Mrs. Cyril



# SUN: GLORIES OF GOLD CUP DAY.



POLLOCK AND MRS. CYRIL (RIGHT).



WITH MISS HAST: MME. ADELINE ALLEN.



CROSSING TO THE LUNCH TENTS: VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT.



AT: MRS. LEANDER AND POLLENDER.



THE LACE CRINOLINE: MME. ALLATINI.



ENGAGED: CAPT. GORDON HALSEY AND MISS PHYLLIS ROWAT.



THE SNAKY WOMAN: A REMARKABLE DRESS WORN AT ASCOT.

Asquith is the wife of Mr. Asquith's third surviving son, and is the sister of Miss Elizabeth Pollock. Viscount and Viscountess Harcourt, Lady Powerscourt, and Lord Rothermere are also shown on our double-page; and a photographer has snapshotted a popular newly engaged pair in Captain Gordon Halsey and Miss Phyllis Rowat. Gold Cup Day, need it be said, was the usual success.—[Photographs by Alfieri, L.N.A., and T.P.A.]



## Sunbeams out of Cucumbers

A DINNER-PARTY at Crewe House is always a memorable social event. The one the King and Queen graciously honoured is still the topic of the tea-table. Lord Rosebery's gifted daughter is one of our natural hostesses, and as the wife of a quondam Lord President of the Council, had much experience in entertaining eminent leaders of the Liberal party in the old pre-Coalition days. Indeed, as Lady Margaret Primrose, even as a little girl, her opportunities of meeting the makers of history were more numerous than fall to the lot of the normal child of a statesman, while even her education has been provided by her wonderful father, the author of "Pitt," "Appreciations and Addresses," "Sir Robert Peel," "Napoleon—The Last Phase," "Oliver Cromwell," "Lord Randolph Churchill," "Chatham's Early Life," and other gems of historical literature. No wonder she always looks happy



1. This is Angela, Aunt Babsie, and the others, approaching a polo-playing friend and explaining how lovely it would be if his club had some lady members. The poor gentleman is very much troubled—he at once visualises a game always marred by the "crossings" of Kitten, and sixteen chukkas to every game, to allow for Aunt Babsie's necessary changes of ponies.

and at peace with the whole scheme of things. Life has been one interesting step after another, leading forever through portals of political interest, while she is, happily, still young enough to appreciate the more frivolous side of social life as well. The other night she looked particularly handsome in a very delicate shade of pink, and she wore her superb diamond-and-ruby tiara and necklace in honour of her royal guests.

The Queen looked her wonderful best in a white sequin dress, a perfect setting for the enormous emeralds that suit her, perhaps, better than any of her jewels. I always wish more people could see our Queen on these occasions. She enjoys these comparatively small parties, and happiness is, in her own august case, as in the case of humbler mortals, quite the most becoming ornament of all; the Queen's smile is a particularly contagious one that affects the subtle something that makes or mars the atmosphere of any party.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston, wearing her favourite white satin and tulle with silver flowers, was at Crewe House, looking very beautiful, with Lord Curzon, who continues to receive the warm congratulations of his friends on his recent honour. He has decided, by the way, to retain his old name, and history will remember our Foreign Minister (unless he is created a Duke for refusing to be drawn into any more European wars) as the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston.

The Duchess of Portland was also in the white satin that she so particularly favours. Her black hair certainly crowns one of the

loveliest women in Society still. (I hear that she owes the delicacy of her complexion to the fact that she is a strict vegetarian; but when I tried to imitate her last winter I lost the little colour I have, and looked more like a withered sunflower than the white lily that I aspired to emulate!)

Mrs. Asquith, in gold brocade, doubtless had great opportunities for adding to her diary, though people are naturally a little stilted in their flow of words in her presence now.

Lady Blandford, in simple white, Mrs. Sassoon and the Léo Rothschilds, Lord and Lady Derby, Lord and Lady Granard, and the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were amongst others at Crewe House, the Duchess of Northumberland looking as attractive as ever in pale pink with her diamonds; and, of course, the ever popular Marquis de Soveral, King Edward's great friend, and young Lord Worcester.

In all, there were about forty guests arranged around two great tables, decorated, the one with deep pink malmaison carnations, the other with very pale pink ones.

After hearing all about Crewe House from a woman who was somewhat distressed because she is not always included in the parties of the great, it was amusing to run across Neville Lytton. Neville Lytton is, to my mind, one of the most refreshing of mortals. But that day Neville Lytton had a grievance. His grievance is that he is an Honourable. He deplores the fact that it is generally thought that because he is intimately connected with Lords and Ladies, he must be only an amateur artist—a dabbler, a mere dilettante. It is absurd of people to forget that the originator of the Lytton peerage was himself a man of letters, and therefore it is not unnatural that his grandson should be a man of paint.

Neville Lytton was brought up (artistically) in France, and really had quite a brilliant career as a student; and only last year the director of the École des Beaux Arts told me that he was intensely proud of him. Naturally, it riles him to be treated like a Society man who paints in his spare time.

Anyhow, I came face to face with the Queen as I arrived at Queen Square (No. 6) to inspect his pictures. And everyone else I spoke to thought them, especially the portraits, wonderful. Most of the ones I wanted were already sold, as, for instance, those adorable toy spaniels—which I mistook for the work of an Old Master—and the "Flower Decoration." But his portraits are, to my mind, the most convincing I have ever seen in modern portraiture. You expect the eyes to blink, or the lips to smile, or the head to turn as you look. When I have recovered from my vegetarian diet, I, too, mean to send my classical face down to posterity as seen by him. Only he dislikes what he calls "commercial" artists, and, after all, not even my kindest critic can call these essays literary masterpieces. As he is true to himself, he will refuse to paint me!

I saw Lady Lister-Kaye just after her delightful party for the Duke of Connaught—saw her in the distance, I mean. She is, of course, Natica to her friends, and is the daughter of Antonio Yznaga del Valle, of Louisiana, U.S.A., and is the wife of Sir John Lister-Kaye,



2. But he has this splendid idea. The usual army of groundsmen who appear between games to tread down the turf shall be superseded by this charming corps-de-ballet, commanded by Kitten.



who was Groom-in-Waiting to King Edward. She gave a party in a private room at the Ritz Hotel, and amongst others were Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord and Lady Desborough, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, the Cornelius Vanderbilts, Marquis de Soveral, Sir Sidney Greville and Lady Leslie—the latter deeply distressed about her sister's accident. Poor Lady Randolph Churchill fell on some stairs and broke her ankle in several places, and has since—as all the papers have noted—had to have her foot amputated. Sad as it is, one feels

that a woman with so versatile a mind will find plenty to amuse her, even in a long convalescence, and her delightful spirits will carry her through any ordeal.

An enjoyable afternoon party was the one given by the Duchess of Rutland on Friday afternoon in Arlington Street, for Queen Alexandra. Myself, I motored down to Canterbury that day, so heard no details. My mind

3. And as for Aunt Babsie, she shall drive the roller—which will greatly enhance its rolling powers, and add to the entertainment of the spectators.



is now much too full of people like Thomas à Becket and the Black Prince and Saint Augustine to dwell on the music, even of the most artistic of all the Souls.

Canterbury Cathedral ought still to be the Mecca of all who love the beautiful. We found it gloriously satisfying against a sky of almost Tuscan blue, the "Angel" or Bell Tower (one of the most perfect structures that Gothic architecture, inspired by the loftiest purpose that ever stimulated the work of any art, has produced), lifting my dregs of London thoughts to the land of dream. The land I used to long for and aspire to, the land where one would write only of the loveliness of all the world, and of the poetry and passion of the creatures of one's own imagination. The land where Dukes and Duchesses might or might not patronise the work of the Neville Lyttons (and it would not signify, so only one worked as one wanted to) the land where even a dinner-party for the Prince of Wales by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt would not have to be eulogised unless it had really been an evening of epic glory. And, by the way, the party on Friday was a great success. Indeed, young London is delighted to have an American heiress in its midst, and Gladys Vanderbilt is young and enthusiastic and a lovely dancer and a good hostess and a favourite already with young royalty.

All of which takes us right away from Canterbury again, with its heavenly cloisters and chapter-house, and green grass and grey stone, and pigeons and little sudden glimpses of the Stour imitating Venice under clustering old roofs—and now that we have left, we might as well join the crowd again at Lansdowne House, at the Fair opened on the second day by Lady Curzon of Kedleston. She is wearing a lovely mauve gown and a big, shady hat, and an Indian lady has a little difficulty in placing a garland of white carnations around her neck at the end of her little apt opening speech. She religiously visits every stall, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Ambrose Dudley, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge (who has lent Lansdowne House), and chats with most of the stall-holders, including La Comtesse de Saint-Aulaire Mme. Wellington Koo, Marchesa Faà di Bruno, the Rani of Kalsia, Signora de Martino, Princess Gaekwar of Baroda, Priscilla Lady Annesley, Lady Lisburne, Lady Rachel Cavendish, Lady de Lisle and Dudley, Lady Dorothy Hope Morley, Mrs. Kerr-Smiley, Miss Nellie Ashton, Miss Oswald Smith, and very many others interested in the welfare of the Y.W.C.A. Surely it is one of the great organisations of the charitable world. As Lady Curzon reminded us: "It seeks to help the helpless, to find homes for the homeless and friends for the friendless, and holidays for those who have a dull life of toil." For selfish and private reasons I help it invariably. Who knows when these articles will not make me friendless! Already the strike has made me more or less homeless (and who would visit their home, with eighteen in a carriage, as I did last week); and as for a holiday, my brief one at Canterbury only made me long to be taken under the permanent wing of the Y.W.C.A.

In spite of the strike, Royal Ascot was, if possible, more brilliant than ever. There were only a few trains, but most of those privileged to enter the Royal Enclosure arrived in motor-cars, having had easy

journeys from London as far as Virginia Water, where the long line of motor-cars suddenly halted one's progress, and the thousands of police sprang sharply to attention. However, Major Rivers, who was responsible for parking the cars and coaches at Ascot, deserves hearty congratulations for accomplishing a great feat. No more perfect arrangements could have been imagined. Whether the R 36 had anything to do with this or not, she never ceased to attract almost as much attention as the loveliest ladies—indeed, the loveliest ladies found her an admirable excuse for rolling their eyes heavenward. Horses being of minor consideration at this concourse of beauty and fashion, myself, I did not attempt to back a winner. It was enough to stand on the grass and feast my eyes. First, the Royal procession of seven carriages, with outriders and equerries and postillions entering the golden gates at the mile starting-point: the cheers of the humbler people down the course, the rising cheers of those on the stands; finally, the loyal, though quiet, enthusiasm from the Enclosure, and the amazing outburst from Tattersall's Ring as the procession turned into the roadway leading to the back of the Royal Stand, where the King and the Royal Family were received officially. The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary were in the first carriage. The Duke of York and Prince Henry were in the second carriage, with the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Crewe, the latter in a lovely lavender silk. Among others honoured by Royal invitations to Windsor Castle were the Dowager Lady Airlie, who arrived at Ascot in white lace with a sable stole and a black hat with a white feather; Lady Chesterfield, wearing an old-rose gown of embroidered lawn, with a black hat trimmed with a single red peony; Lady Ilchester, in white taffeta silk with black; Lady Mar and Kellie, in becoming brown with a sable stole; Lady Mary Fox-Strangways and Lady Rachel Cavendish, and, of course, all their respective men-folk. The Royal party were joined at lunch by King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria, the Duke of Connaught, Lord and Lady Anglesey, Lord and Lady Cambridge and Lady Mary Cambridge, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone (wearing a becoming hat wreathed with white roses, and a deep-amber cloak over a white satin gown), Lady Patricia Ramsay, in grey georgette and a lovely blue hat, and Lady Margaret Scott in white.

Among so many beautiful people it was hard to keep one's head. After lunching at the Cavalry Club and having a liqueur and coffee with my second-best young man at the Guards' tent (and may he not see this!), I was ready to think my most hated enemy lovely. The Duchess of Northumberland, in accordeon-pleated pink chiffon, I thought beautiful; while Lady Stanley in nigger charmeuse, Lady Zia Wernher in cinnamon brown, Lady Astor in a lovely grey, Lady Hermione Herbert in cream lace, Lady Jane Combe in beige crêpe-de-Chine, Lady Victoria Bullock and Lady Mary Crichton in fawn, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, Lady Bingham and her sister, Grace Lady Newborough, Lady Blandford, Lady Savile, Mrs. Corrigan, Lady Meux, Lady Desborough, little young Lady Warrender, and delightful Mme. Wellington Koo were just a few of the other people who made my first day at Ascot this year.

But, oh, how I missed the soldiers! Where are they all? In Ireland? In Palestine? In Egypt? All the beloved cavalry and some of my precious Horse Artillerymen. . . . What is the good of wearing your most irresistible hat to Ascot when your conquests are bound to disappear immediately after, somewhere on semi-active service, where nothing is really active save the slander of the professional Bolshevik-monger—and the sly, cowardly prowl of the paid assassin!

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. And Angela has a charming job. She is the person who waves the flag when the goals are scored. Her costume is a judicious mixture of the spectator and the player, and pleases her very much.



## CHAMPIONSHIP FACES: EXPRESSIONS



MISS. E. SIGOURNEY.



MR. W. H. LAURENTZ.



MRS. FRANKLIN MALLORY.



MRS. LARCOMBE.



MR. F. T. HUNTER.



MISS K. McKANE.



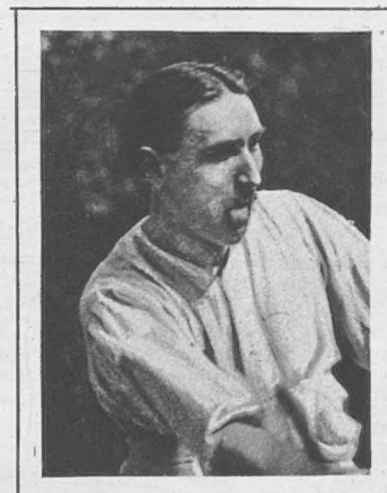
MR. MAX WOOSNAM.



MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE.



MISS RYAN.



MR. A. H. GOBERT.



MR. A. H. LOWE.

Even the thrills of polo and the attractions of the Horse Show cannot distract general attention from Wimbledon this week. All the world is interested in lawn-tennis, and in the World's Championship Meeting (on grass), which opened on Monday. Our pages show some "lawn-tennis expressions" on the faces of experts. The famous men and women who have been thus "victimised" for the benefit of "Sketch" readers include the redoubtable American, Tilden, and the U.S.A. boy champion, Arnold Jones, as well as Shimidzu, the



# OF PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.



MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO.



MR. W. C. CRAWLEY.



MISS E. L. COLYER.



MRS. BEAMISH.



MISS D. C. SHEPHERD.



MAJOR A. R. F. KINGSCOTE.



MR. ARNOLD JONES.



MR. Z. SHIMIDZU.



MISS SUZANNE LENGLEN.



MR. W. T. TILDEN.

Japanese, Gobert and Laurentz, the famous Frenchmen, and a number of the best-known British players. Among the women experts we show the invincible Suzanne Lenglen, the American, Mrs. Mallory, and her compatriot, Miss Sigourney, as well as Miss Ryan and a number of our British lady players, including some of the younger generation, such as Miss K. McKane and the active Miss Colyer. The draw took place last week. A number of prominent players meet in the early rounds.—[Photographs by P.I.C.]



## By an Artist·Author: Pictures by Neville Lytton.



LADY COWDRAY'S DAUGHTER: "LADY DENMAN, C.B.E., AND HER CHILDREN."



IN "THE GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES":  
"MME. TCHERNICHEVA."



A STUDY IN ROSE-COLOUR: "THE MODEL'S  
TOILETTE."

The exhibition of pictures by Major the Hon. Neville Lytton, held at 6, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, has been attracting a good deal of attention, and was visited recently by the Queen. Our page shows three examples of the work of the versatile artist and author. His portrait of Lady Denman, daughter of Lord Cowdray and wife of Lord Denman, is an attractive example of the bed-

room portrait which has been having such a vogue. Her two children, the Hon. Thomas and the Hon. Anne Judith Denman, are shown with her in this portrait-group. "Madame Tchernicheva" in her costume for "The Good-Humoured Ladies," and the charming "Model's Toilette," were also shown in the exhibition.

*Photographs from the paintings by the Hon. Neville Lytton (copyright strictly reserved by the artist).*





THE Hon. Mrs. John Fullerton, who has just returned from India, where her husband's regiment is stationed, is the only daughter of Lord Deramore, and was, before her marriage, in 1919, the Hon. Moira de Yarburgh - Bateson. Lord Deramore is the fourth Baronet, and third Baron, and possesses the curious family motto of "We Fly by Night." This

*[Continued opposite.]*

*[Continued.]*

is derived from "Bat," which forms the first syllable of the family name of Bateson. It is also recalled by the bat's wings sable on a chief gules, which occur as a quartering in the de Yarburgh-Bateson coat-of-arms. The additional surname of de Yarburgh was assumed by the 2nd Baron, in 1876, by Royal licence; later the surname of Bateson was placed last.

A RECENT ARRIVAL FROM INDIA: THE HON. MRS. JOHN FULLERTON.

*Photographs by Val l'Estrange.*



# Living Ten Years in a Day: "If," at the Ambassadors.



IN THE VILLA—1913: MARY BEAL (MISS MARDA VANNE); LIZA (MISS EDITH COLERIDGE), AND JOHN BEAL (MR. HENRY AINLEY).



THE LOST TRAIN IN 1903: MR. HENRY AINLEY AS JOHN BEAL.



IN THE CAUGHT TRAIN, 1903: JOHN BEAL (HENRY AINLEY) MEETS MIRALDA CLEMENT (GLADYS COOPER).

Lord Dunsany's "If," which has just been produced at the Ambassadors', is a play of the suburbs in 1903, and the Orient of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. John Beal, played by Mr. Henry Ainley, is a respectable citizen of suburbia. One day, in 1903, he misses his train. This episode is the "If" of the play, for we see Beal first as he is in 1913—a married man in a snug little villa. Then, by the magic of a

crystal, we pass with him through the events of the past ten years as they would have come to him had he caught that train of adventure in 1903. The play is very cleverly presented and costumed, and gives Miss Gladys Cooper splendid opportunities for the display of her great charm and talent, and also lets the audience see her as a beauty of the year 1903—long-skirted and high-collared—and as a gorgeous Sultana.



# The "Helpless" Autocrat, and the Bearing of the Oars.



THE BEARING OF THE OARS: DAOUD (MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE) WARNS JOHN BEAL (MR. HENRY AINLEY) AT THE FEAST.



AS MIRALDA CLEMENT—SULTANA AND "HELPLESS" AUTOCRAT: MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Five scenes of Lord Dunsany's "If" are laid in the gorgeous East, where John Beal (Mr. Henry Ainley) spends his alternative ten years, lived in a day. Having met Miralda Clement (Miss Gladys Cooper) in the train, which he catches in the revised edition of his life, she lures him to a strange Oriental land in quest of her fortune. By her helpless femininity and constant appeals to his strength, Miralda rules

him completely. She makes him murder Hussein and step into his shoes as a ruler. She finally, however, betrays him, and he is only saved by the warning of a faithful servant. This warning takes the form of the bearing of a pair of oars, and is an indication that immediate flight by boat is necessary. Beal eventually reaches home—as a tramp. In due time he is returned to his genuine life.



## Going to the Races at the Gaiety.



THE OLD FIRM ON THE ROAD: MADGE WHITE, EWART SCOTT, BILLIE HILL, AND EDMUND GWENN.



THE PARTY OF "PEARLIES": CHARLES BROOKS, JACK MORRISON, MAIE BACON, EDMUND GWENN, AND EDITH KELLY GOULD.

All the world went to Epsom and Ascot by car, so "Pins and Needles" have hit us all off in their scene "The Road to Epsom," which illustrates a trip to the Derby by road, and shows the different methods of getting there—by coach, by barrow, by bike, and by car—

accompanied by an excellent musical number. The "finale" of the scene shows the end of the race, with Edmund Gwenn as the Winning Jockey. The effect is gained by the heads of the actors being thrust through the scenery.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



## Princesses du Pays de Porcelaine.



OBJETS D'ART COME TO LIFE: "MY CHINA MAID," AT THE GAIETY.

"My China Maid," sung by Fedora Rozelli and chorus in the Gaiety "Pins and Needles," is one of the most attractive scenes in that jubilant revue. Our page shows the *mise-en-scène*, which includes five

living *Objets d'Art* and two plaster figures, which will be easily identified by our readers. It is a particularly effective number, and one of the points of "Pins and Needles."—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]





## ART FOR ART'S SAKE. By ANITA DUDLEY.

WHEN Mary Drewe landed in Buenos Ayres with five hold-boxes filled with the summer raiment that had already distracted half the London Guardsmen in their river sanctuary at Maidenhead, Charles Eliot, the captain of the Palermo Polo Team (who had met Mary quite often enough in England to know), assured Eddie O'Brien that his number was up.

Eddie did not altogether resent the implication that, as a renowned though invulnerable flirt, he had won for himself a reputation likely to challenge all the craft and subtlety of a finished mistress of the art.

Eddie and Charles shared a bungalow near the Tigre during the hottest months. Eddie, as First Secretary of the British Legation, enjoyed privileges from the outset. He took Mary in to dinner on the very first night of her arrival at her uncle's quinta. How was he to know that his fame had reached her in mid-Atlantic, or, rather, at Pernambuco, where the homeward-bound mail-boat had crossed her own? How could he suspect that his last victim, Dora Anstruther, who was on board, was Mary's greatest school-friend? The handicap of such ignorance neutralised all ground gained by diplomacy. But by the end of dinner, each recognised that Greek had met Greek.

It was not that Mary was beautiful. She was only brimful of youth and magnetism, and she was aware of the fact that her power lay in her eyes. She knew when to talk and when to be silent; when to be sympathetic and when to be surprisingly cold; when to look into the sunset—or the moon, or the stars, or the sea, or any of the old, old stage properties of romance—and when to retreat with dramatic suddenness into the fastness of her own soul.

For a week she practised art for art's sake on Eddie O'Brien. It was second nature to her. She could no more help wanting all young men to adore her than she could help knowing that she was most irresistible when she wore her big, shady Panama hat and her white riding-coat, and galloped off alone to explore the neighbourhood.

And Eddie O'Brien? Why, of course he followed. He followed her to Hurlingham to play tennis at the club. He followed her to San Martin and Lomas de Zamorra with his golf-clubs. He borrowed Charles' best polo ponies for her, and he bullied the Legation ladies into all kinds of parties. He bullied poor Charles out of his own bed-room, so that Mary's aunt might have it for week-ends. Himself, he slept in a deck-chair on the verandah, and was eaten up by mosquitoes for two nights, to pay for two whole days of Mary alone in a canoe on the Tigre River. And Mary took every bit of it for granted.

Mary was used to young men. Indeed, there was one in England even now to whom she wrote almost every day, for she had almost decided to marry him. He had asked her too often. That was the only drawback. She had come out to Argentina to find out her own mind. Eddie happened without her in the least meaning him to happen.

The story told at Pernambuco by Dora Anstruther put her on her guard. Just such parties had he arranged for Dora. He had shadowed her for three months, keeping all others off. He had ridden with Dora, danced with Dora, played some game or other all day long; but he had never proposed to Dora. The night of a long drive in a coach together across camp from one *estancia* to another he had held her in his arms and kissed her. But by the time poor Dora (homeward bound) had reached Pernambuco, he still had not proposed, even by letter or cable or wireless.

The sight of his mosquito-bitten forehead did not break Mary's resolution. Solemnly she swore to herself that he should propose marriage to her—Mary—on his knees before she returned to England. She would refuse him, of course, but that would be his Nemesis for breaking Dora's heart.

Charles Eliot looked on with mild amusement. He was a little bored by Eddie's flirtations. They invariably put him to physical discomfort, and it would be a relief when this new lady left the land. He did not think there was much to choose between them in the way of a heart. Each was merely trying to force the other to succumb. That was obvious. And although Eddie went through all his usual tricks, Mary, as heart-whole as ever, trumped every one.

Charles had a wonderful baritone voice that had accompanied most of Eddie's love affairs to their climax. He would sit in the moonlight at the piano by the window singing passionately of Love, while on the verandah Eddie's eyes spoke of Eddie's love to some lady who longed only to be Eddie's. Beyond this Eddie rarely ventured. The kiss in the coach had been entirely a case of isolated and unpremeditated weakness.

At last Charles grew exasperated. He was tired of giving his bed every week-end to Mary's aunt. He was tired of seeing one beautiful rose sent with eloquent absence of comment every

morning at his Britannic Majesty's expense from the Embassy gardens. He was tired of singing twenty love-songs nightly while these arch-experts fenced with their souls. Twice he had seen Mary Drewe look as though all her barriers were overcome. Thrice he had seen the expression of triumph in Eddie's eyes as Mary, all blushes and confusion, let him hold her hand for a whole minute before remembering to allure him further by drawing it away.

At last Charles resolved to act. It was a very hot night. He had hated his long talk with Mary's aunt more than usual during dinner. He had sounded the depths of that good lady's being weeks ago; since then the monotony of her ceaseless murmuring had nearly driven him mad. She was so supremely unaware of, so utterly unconcerned by anything that might be happening under her very well-bred nose.

They had dined an hour ago, and Eddie and Mary, as usual, had wandered down stream in the canoe. He knew what that meant. The stars were out and the mosquitoes. While Eddie and Mary star-gazed, he would be conscious only of the mosquitoes and of Mary's aunt murmuring by his side till midnight.

Not if he knew it! Not again!! Without one word of explanation, he slipped away into the wood by the river. Out of sight of the bungalow he turned up his trousers and ran full speed for half a mile along the bank, down-stream. Then he plunged into the river and swam across to the island.

It was as he expected. The canoe was tied to some reeds in a little muddy bay. And the canoe was empty. Creeping stealthily for a hundred yards, he caught sight of Eddie at last, leaning against a poplar tree, looking most manly and romantic as the full moon burst through the peach *monte* above.

Mary was seated gracefully on a rustic seat five yards away; and this is what she was saying: "When I love, the man will have to be strong enough to *make* me bend to his will. He will have to plan for both of us. He will have to make me glad to be the clinging ivy."

And Eddie said: "And when I love, the woman will have to be so beautiful that no other woman shall tempt me even for a second."

And while that sort of nonsense went on, Charles slipped back to the canoe, untied it, and paddled gleefully home, up-stream, as fast as his wet clothes would allow him.

Charles asked no questions at breakfast. There was a look of triumph in Eddie's eyes and there was a look of triumph in Mary's eyes. Obviously, neither considered himself or herself the conquered one.

"They are engaged!" announced Mary's aunt, and that seemed to settle it.

"Yes, but it is a secret," added Mary, without enthusiasm. "I must wait for dad's consent when I get home."

"And I must have a talk to my chief," said Eddie, looking far out across the river.

"And I shall have my own bed to myself at long last," thought Charles. So the waiting public was kept in the dark for ten days.

When it came to the last night, Charles went through his entire repertory of love-songs. He sang songs of Araby and "The Rosary" until his own heart bled for the parting lovers. He sang "The End of a Perfect Day," and Tosti's "Good-bye," and bits from "Madame Butterfly," in Italian, and all the Indian love-lyrics, with deeper passion than ever.

The British Minister gave a farewell dinner-party, and the whole Legation staff saw the young lady off next morning by the Royal Mail boat. The only absent face was that of Mr. O'Brien. His good-bye was sent in a little note conveyed by his friend Mr. Eliot.

And Mary's good-bye had been written already, and left with her aunt to be given to Eddie ten days later.

On the envelope given to Mary by Charles as the gangway was lifted were the words: "Not to be opened for ten days." But, woman-like, Mary only waited ten minutes after land had disappeared. And, woman-like, Mary's aunt sent Eddie's letter to him precisely ten minutes after Mary's ship had steamed homewards.

"Poor, poor Eddie... I conquered him after all," soliloquised Mary, on deck alone, very wistful, and a little ashamed of herself. Then she read: "Dearest—It breaks my heart, but I must tell you that our engagement can't go on. I know I have been an absolute rotter. I am not good enough for you. It must be good-bye.—E."

First a frown, then gradually a smile, finally a musical burst of laughter mingled with the sound of the waves. For Mary remembered that precisely then Eddie O'Brien would be reading: "Eddie Dear—Can you forgive me? Of course it is all a mistake. I don't want to marry you.—M."

THE END.



# A SUMMER SUPPLEMENT.



THE KING AND QUEEN AND PARTY AT ASCOT: THE ROYAL PAVILION AND ENCLOSURE.

In our photograph the King and Queen are shown in the centre of the Royal Pavilion, and King Manoel; Princess Mary and the Duke of York are to be seen towards the right of the photograph.—[Photograph by I.B.]



# For Ascot Races – and House Parties: Summer Shoes.



DESIGNED FOR RACE MEETINGS: A SANDAL SLIPPER  
IN GREY SUÈDE AND PATENT LEATHER.



CUT AWAY AT THE SIDES AND EDGED WITH WHITE KID:  
PATENT-LEATHER AFTERNOON SLIPPERS.



HER CHOICE: A GOLD, DULL GREY AND SILVER BROCADE  
SLIPPER, OR A BLACK SATIN ADORNED WITH SILVER?



MAMAN'S STARRED SLIPPERS: A STUDY  
IN ADMIRATION.

The well-dressed woman invariably gives a great deal of thought to the Shoe Question, especially for such functions as Ascot and its house parties; and this year the subject is specially worthy of serious consideration, as the latest models are specially original and full of variety. Our page shows some examples of models by Hellstern, and

illustrates the latest development of sandal styles. The evening slippers shown are of brocade and satin respectively, the black satin being ornamented with an exquisite fringed circular buckle of silver. As for our last photograph, no wonder that the little girl admires her mamma's slippers! They are adorned with star-like flowers.

Photographs by Wyndhams



# Not Sleeveless this Summer: A New Evening Dress.



*In Soft Satin and Silver Lace: Mlle. Simone Frévalles.*

The latest evening dresses are beginning to hold quite decided views about sleeves, and, as our page shows, these new ideas are full of charm. Could anything be more entrancing than the line of the décolletage of this soft satin and silver lace dress which Mlle. Simone

Frévalles wears with such *chic*? Billowing fullness is supplied by silver lace, and there is a distinct waist-line. The head-dress and the bracelets worn above the elbow both help to achieve the success of this charming toilette.—[Photograph by Paul O'Doye.]



# The Carnival of Sport and Fashion: Ascot Pictures.



IN AN EMBROIDERED DRESS:  
MRS. FALCONER WALLACE.



ARRIVING AT ASCOT: MAJOR AND MRS.  
LARNACH-NEVILL.



IN A BLACK-AND-WHITE  
DRESS: LADY HAY.



LEAVING THEIR CAR: THE RAJAH AND RANEE  
OF PUDAKOTA.



WITH HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, LADY MEDINA AND LADY ZIA  
WERNHER: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.



WITH THEIR DAUGHTER MONICA:  
LORD AND LADY DESBOROUGH.



THE MINISTER FOR WAR AND HIS WIFE: SIR LAMING  
AND LADY WORTHINGTON EVANS.



VIEWING THE RACING FROM A COACH:  
MAJOR AND LADY MOIRA COMBE.

The Royal Ascot carnival of sport and fashion was as brilliant as ever, and if the June sun had made the course too hard for the satisfaction of sportsmen, its beams delighted the many wearers of wonderful dresses who assembled on the famous lawns. Our snapshots show some interesting personalities and illustrate some enchanting fashions. Mrs. Falconer Wallace, who wore an embroidered gown, is one of the most beautiful women in Society; Lady Hay is the wife of Sir Duncan

Hay, Bt. The Countess of Medina is the younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, and the wife of the elder son of the Marquess of Milford Haven; and Lady Zia Wernher, her elder sister, is the wife of Major Harold Wernher. The Hon. Monica Grenfell is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough; and Lady Moira Combe is the daughter of the Earl of Clonmell, and married Major Combe, son of Major Christian and Lady Jane Combe, this spring.

Photographs by Alfieri, C.N., Tom Aitken, and Farrington Photo Co.



# Ambassador, Explorer, and Other Celebrities at Ascot.



TWO WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY GIRLS: MISS "BABS" D'ERLANGER  
AND MISS GELLIBRAND (RIGHT).



WITH COLONEL McGRATH: MRS. ROSITA FORBES,  
THE EXPLORER.



THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE:  
H. E. AND MRS. WELLINGTON KOO.



TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 28: COLONEL WALTER LAMBERT  
AND LADY CHOLMELEY.

These four photographs show some specially interesting people who were to be seen among the crowds of distinguished folk at Ascot. Miss "Babs" D'Erlanger is the clever artist daughter of Baroness D'Erlanger, and Miss Gellibrand is a well-known beauty. Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the explorer, of whose adventures everyone has read, is shown in a beautiful black-lace dress which she wore one day at the Royal

Meeting. Mrs. Wellington Koo, the wife of the new Chinese Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is well known in London Society. Before her marriage she was Countess Hoey Stoker. The marriage between Captain Walter Lambert, D.S.O. (and two bars), only son of the late Sir John Lambert, K.C.I.E., and Lady Cholmeley, the widow of Sir Montague A. R. Cholmeley, Bt., is fixed to take place on June 28.

Photograph No. 1, by I.B.; Nos. 2, 3 and 4, by C.N.



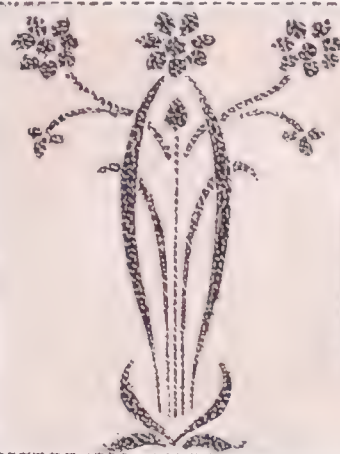
# MORE THAN SKIRT-DEEP: THE INT



REVEALING THE FASCINATIONS OF MAUVE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, ADORNED WITH CREAM LACE; A PINK BROCADED SILK SAUT-DE-LIT, TRIMMED WITH SWANSDOWN.



PROVIDED WITH A PLEATED APRON AND REST PYJAMAS IN MAUVE



IN ROSÉ-COLOURED CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, THE LATEST CULOTTE

These pages illustrate the fact that modern fashion is an exquisite whose beauty is more than skirt-deep. The photograph on the extreme left shows a *culotte* and a *saut-de-lit* by Madeleine and Madeleine. The exquisite simplicity of the mauve crêpe-de-Chine, adorned with cream lace insertion, is enhanced by the delicate shell-pink of the swansdown-edged *saut-de-lit* of brocaded silk.—The top centre photograph illustrates an Elise Poret inspiration in pyjamas. They are constructed of figured satin of many colours, in which rose and old blue prevail. A tiny pleated



# IMATE BEAUTY OF SUMMER FASHION.



LOATING PLEATED RIBBONS: THE PARISIENNE'S  
Y-COLOURED 'SOFT SATIN.



EDGED WITH A KNIFE-PLEATED FRILL:  
OTTE FROM PARIS.



SET OFF TO ADVANTAGE BY A DÉSHABILLE OF APPLE-GREEN-AND-ROSE VOILE:  
CULOTTE IN CORAL-PINK CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, WITH CHANTILLY INSERTION.

apron adds a touch of feminine fantasy to the "suit," and tightly pleated ribbons of old-blue flutter from the waist. The lower centre picture illustrates an Elise Poret *culotte*, carried out in rose crêpe-de-Chine, curved up at the sides and edged with a knife-pleated frill; and the right-hand photograph gives an example of the genius of Madeleine and Madeleine. The *déshabille* is of apple-green-and-rose voile, adorned with blue plush flowers, and lined with carnation-red chiffon; while the *culotte* is of coral-pink crêpe-de-Chine, with an insertion of black Chantilly lace.



## LONG AND SHORT, SOMBRE AND GAY:



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LADY GEORGINA  
PEEL: MRS. HENRY (RIGHT).



WITH MISS COTTERELL: THE DUKE  
OF RICHMOND AND GORDON



AN EMBROIDERED DRESS:  
MISS DALLAS BURT-WHITE.



WITH HER HUSBAND, SIR VICTOR



IN A FULL-SKIRTED PINK FROCK:  
MISS CRICHTON-BROWN.



WITH MISS BUNSEN: LADY  
ATHLUMNEY.



WITH MR. ERIC MIDWOOD:  
MISS IRIS FORD.



IN ONE OF THE  
DRESSES:

Ascot dresses were long and short, sombre and gay; they were of organdie, lace, satin, chiffon, broderie anglaise, and many other costly and beautiful materials. The dress parade on the classic lawns was as brilliant as ever this year, and was held in perfect June weather. Our pages show some well-known people wearing some lovely frocks. Lady Warrender, the young wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Bt., the son of Lady



# ASCOT DRESSES — AND THEIR WEARERS.



WARRENDER: LADY WARRENDER.



SWATHED IN A SPANISH SHAWL: MRS. BELL.



WITH MRS. FORBES: MRS. TELFER-SMOLLETT.



IN A DOLLY VARDEN HAT: MRS. FELL.



MANY BEAUTIFUL BLACK MRS. DUNKELLS.



CIRCLES OF MONKEY-FUR AS TRIMMING: MRS. EGBERT KIRKLEY.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF LORD LOVELACE: LADY PHYLIS KING.



WEARING A SILK STOCKINETTE DRESS: MRS. CECIL FENN.

Maud Warrender, looked perfectly charming in her black-lace dress and large hat; Mrs. Bell's Spanish shawl wrap was much admired, and our other photographs give different examples of the dresses worn at the famous meeting. The varied shapes in parasols were a great feature of the fashion display, and are well illustrated by those shown on our pages.—[Photographs by Alfieri, Tom Aitken, L.N.A., G.P.U., T.P.A., C.N.]



# Vegetable and Toothpick Millinery: Midsummer Magic.



"LES LEGUMES": AN ENCHANTING GOLDEN-BROWN STRAW MODEL ADORNED WITH VEGETABLES.



IN PILLAR-BOX RED: THE STRAWBERRY PANNIER HAT.



TRIMMED WITH TOOTHPICKS: A NAVY-BLUE TAFFETA TOQUE.



ADORNED WITH WHITE WAX FUCHSIAS: A JADE-GREEN DOUBLE-BRIMMED MODEL

Fashion's midsummer magic holds potent sway this month, and in fantastic mood, she takes the strangest and most unpromising materials out of which to make her most enchanting millinery of the moment. Our photographs show four of the latest hats from the Maison Lewis, worn by the charming Miss Mary Leigh. The first, carried out in golden-brown straw, is adorned with a bunch of vegetables; the second

is an adaptation of the strawberry-basket, and the third is the smartest little toque imaginable—trimmed with toothpicks! Its fascinations are undeniable, though they are closely rivalled by the jade-green pedal model which we also show on our page. This is less daring, for it is trimmed with fuchsias—though they are by no means ordinary flowers, being cunningly constructed of wax!

Portrait-Studies by Marcus Adams. Hats by Maison Lewis.





## Without Prejudice

**A** CURIOUS business it is to be a British dramatic author. One does not speak from experience. But it has always seemed the oddest career imaginable. Except, conceivably, to be a British dramatic critic.

The incipient author starts with something to say, a taste for saying it, and a thirst (for we are all human) for royalties. But before he gets to the end of the journey he must give up either the message or the royalties. Because, if he insists on the one, the people of England will never bestow on him the other.

He begins with longish hair and an earnest expression. And it is a hundred to one that he will end with a satisfied smile and a good cigar. Take (without disrespectful comment on his revered appearance) Mr. Maugham. He served an apprenticeship of Strong Convictions. But he discovered tolerably early in the day that the evening public prefers a joke to a gospel. So he feeds the brute.

He is perhaps the most skilful practitioner that we have in the manner of: *Enter Sir Augustus; he makes a joke centre stage and crosses. Enter Lady Jane; she makes a joke [not the same joke] right, and goes up stage.* It is not,

with the greatest respect to Mr. Maugham, a more elevated industry than the manufacture of confectionery. But it fulfils a kindly purpose.

Yet one wonders if he is entirely satisfied. One gathers from the grave intellectual pretensions of his contributions to fiction that he is not. He was once, it would appear, a Man with a Message. But he has no message left now, except a telephone message for the Hon. Theophilus to say that his new epigram will be ready shortly.

Tragic. In a way. Some of us are old enough to remember the coruscation of those dazzling days

WITH REAL LIVE SNAKE! MISS GLADYS COOPER AS MIRALDA CLEMENT IN "IF," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

In the Banquet Hall Scene, Miss Gladys Cooper toys with a live snake, which wriggles about her arm. Other pictures from "If" will be found in this issue.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

when Mr. Maugham was running at (wasn't it?) three. West End theatres, and you could hardly show your face out of doors if you hadn't seen "Jack Straw." Yet that success was probably his tragedy.

He had, in these comedies, contrived to say nothing with the extreme of wit. So the brutal public, which insists that a painter of

milkmaids (or *chefs*) shall live and die a painter of *chefs* (or milkmaids) stolidly compelled him to continue to say nothing. And he has always seemed rather pathetically anxious to be allowed to say *something*.

Not that his contribution is negligible. After all, "Home and Beauty" was the best piece of pure farce written for twenty years. But one feels that he must regret the perpetual condemnation to keep the stalls tittering.

Then there are the others. And, compared commercially with the indomitable Mr. Maugham, one may say that they Also Ran. But all of them, in spite of their high foreheads and lofty tone, are apparently condemned to go continually through the original hoops in which they were first noticed by the public of the tip-up seats.

Mr. Galsworthy continues to aspire towards a Better Order, and to beg, in asking them, almost every question of the day. Mr. A. A. Milne goes on Sweetening our Stage with sunny reflections of the back numbers of *Punch*. And Sir James Barrie—nothing will ever stop him from mining in that inexhaustible vein of sentiment and what hurried newspaper men call "whimsicality" (otherwise, jokes which they can't quite see) which made him famous years ago, when there were horses in the streets and gas in the theatres.

The result is a rather tedious uniformity of output which just suffices to entertain us when the piece is new. But when it is old? Can we be sure that the heirs of the Everyman Theatre will have full houses for weeks when, twenty years from now, they are producing the twenty-year-old plays of Mr. Maugham and Sir James Barrie? Can't we be sure that they won't? Because the foreigners are right, after all, and the British drama is "G. B. S."

A humiliating thought, in some ways. Because we ought, we really ought to have managed to produce something in the way of a real dramatist since the distant days when Mr. Shaw popularised Jaegers, and introduced the British public to Ibscene comedy. And we haven't.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones used to write for us. But you can't galvanise it into life now. And the one, the incomparably caricaturable Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. You remember how he used to stand for us as the *maestro* of dramatic technique. But try to revive him now (except "Trelawny of the Wells") and see the gifted gentleman in the dinner jacket who sits in the hole in the hall and takes the money.

No. Oddly enough, the Intellectual Drama pays, and the Commercial Drama files its petition. A queer contradiction. But not discouraging for young men (and Misses Clemence Dane) with a Message. So walk up.



A "SLAVE" WHO HAS GROWN UP WITH "CHU CHIN CHOW": MISS DOROTHY GLOVER.

"Chu Chin Chow" has run for so long—at the moment of writing the date of its "burial" is still uncertain—that some of the actors in it have "grown up" with it! Witness Miss Dorothy Glover, who was fifteen when the run of the piece began.—[Photograph by Basil.]





## OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



ANDRÉ-LOUIS MOREAU had a great sense of the theatre. Also he had a most enviable knowledge of its literature, ancient and modern, as he boasted glibly to M. Binet, the strolling player. That being so, it is just a little surprising to find André-Louis at all deceived when he stumbled upon an open-air rehearsal of M. Binet's company. He fancied himself witness to a romantic interlude in real life, and awoke to the obvious a trifle slowly for one so thoroughly versed in his contemporaries—Beaumarchais, Eglantine, Mercier, Chénier, not to mention the earlier and greater dramatists—Molière, Racine, Corneille; the best of the Italians, and the pick (almost) of the Greeks and Romans. To be, in addition, a heaven-born actor, a natural Scaramouche second to none, and all without stage training, was not bad for a young Breton lawyer. Nor did his versatility end there. Playwright, swordsman, essayist, revolutionary politician, lover—no rôle came unhandily to this Admirable Crichton, to whom the Lycée Louis le Grand surely owed a monument, despite his choice for himself of the nickname "Parvissimus." At Louis le Grand he would have got a wiggling for that inferior superlative, but no doubt it was just a Scaramouche joke at the expense of illiterate barn-stormers, and another feather in his cap, just as "Scaramouche" the novel is another feather in the cap of Mr. Rafael Sabatini. At first, when the wicked Marquis's retainers murdered the peasant and the Marquis pinked the attractive young Abbé who stood up for the People, one feared a French Revolution romance on the old formula. But Mr. Sabatini remembers that even in the most disturbed times people cannot be thinking all day long of public affairs. That is where he scores. His men and women eat and drink, love, hate, work, and go to the play, the flowers bloom in the garden, and the great house is kept beautifully appointed, while Terror roars without. Mr. Sabatini has an ear even for the time-piece in the salon of Madame de Plougastel, while afar off rise the murmurs of a populace drunk with the blood of the Swiss Guard. And now, go and enjoy the story, about which I have purposely told you just nothing at all.

That, in the Revolution period, "the unprecedented became the usual," is, conversely, the avowed motif of "Romances in Red," a collection of short stories "inspired under a red star." In the greater number of these ten episodes the Terror or its aftermath presses in, and the shadow of the guillotine lies across many pages. Consequently, the book is to that extent conventional, although the plots are sufficiently original in themselves to justify the author's intention. The best constructed is, perhaps, "The Accursed Town"—that is, Arras—where, under Lebon's brutal rule, a disguised Marquis becomes assistant-executioner at the suggestion of a former minister to his pleasures, who thus seeks to give his master a new sensation and succeeds—better than he dreamed. "Auguste and the Supreme Being" is a variant of a very old story (most likely unknown to the

writers), where Danton and not Robespierre is won by the pleading of innocence. For an ultra-sentimental mood it may serve, although one doubts if the Sea-Green Incorruptible would have been so green as to imagine that little Auguste identified him with God. Throughout the book a delicate regret for the ruin of the era of patch and powder proclaims the handiwork of Agnes and Egerton Castle, of whose literary partnership this must be, unfortunately, one of the last memorials.

A man need not be a cynic to find a too exuberant optimism trying. Even Dickens requires patience in this mood, and when a later and lesser novelist plays the reboundingly cheerful game and suddenly lets it drop into the sordid, the reader has a right to feel not only tired, but cheated. When the spring sun and the daffodils drove Matthew Barnet, retired barrister, up to town to convert Professor Napper,

that joyless Scrooge of a philosopher, by force of hilarity, one was prepared for a piece of good-humoured fooling that might have condoned Mr. Harold Begbie's prehistoric opinion that a great *savant* must be ill-dressed, unkempt, humourless, and inhuman. In speech, though not in apparel, Napper is a loftier Dr. Blimber. Luckily, his daughter Mary, aged thirty, is no Miss Blimber, although learned and rather cramped. As she awakens to love and life, you expect her to become Mrs. Barnet, a very proper match, but in butts the shell-shocked (and shocking) Boer, Captain Stanger, to rob the quasi-idyll of all propriety. Mr. Begbie will have his moral, which here seems to be that it is dangerous to play with souls; but he has gone uncertainly to work. Poor old Barnet, playing the Septimus rôle to save Mary's face, treads at last the way of tears rather than "The Ways of Laughter." This book might have passed for a joke had it kept eccentrically to Barnet's eccentricities and developed that promising figure, Mrs. Abercromby Diggle, "the Margot of Maida Vale." She is a rich idea of parody thrown away for nothing. But perhaps Mr. Begbie realised that

it is dangerous to play not only with souls, but also with Souls, or "Sprites," to give Mrs. Diggle's set their chosen title.

Would you believe that there are modern young people who talk with a Jane Austenish primness, if not with dear Jane's point and penetration? They seem to linger on in Wild Wales, or at least in Mrs. Hugh Walker's Welsh story, "With a Great Price." More natural are her rustics, especially the Methodist busybodies, and the sheep-shearing scene is true pastoral. But over all broods the Welsh higher-education obsession, and as a stimulant the book is mild, very mild. It is not easy to enthuse over that sad prig, William Evans, farmer and local preacher, whom his aristocratic neighbour, Myfanwy Wynne, of "Winterville," or "Winterland," College, Oxford (Mrs. Walker is not sure which), coaches for entrance to that university, and juggles, with love's legerdemain, into the Home Office. Miss Wynne is more engaging when the old Eve tempts her to forget to dilute the champagne cup that she set, with disastrous results, before the teetotal farmer, John Davies. The chapter recording Mrs. Walker's one daring flight is entitled "Champagne, not Lemonade." Reverse it, and you have the novel reviewed in brief—"Lemonade, not Champagne."



A BUSY RACING PERSONAGE: LIEUT.-COL. GORDON CARTER, C.V.O., SECRETARY TO THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE, AND CLERK OF THE COURSE, ASCOT. Colonel Carter was formerly in the 1st Life Guards. He saw active service in the South African War, when he was at the Relief of Kimberley, the operations in the Orange Free State, in the Orange River Colony, in the Transvaal, and so on. He was born in 1853.

Photograph by L.N.A.



A LORD CHANCELLOR OF MANY AND VARIED INTERESTS: LORD BIRKENHEAD, WITH LADY BIRKENHEAD, HIS DAUGHTER, AND MR. WILLIAM BRACE, M.P., AT THE CIVIL SERVICE SPORTS MEETING.

Mr. Brace, we need hardly remind our readers, is one of the best-known Labour leaders. He is Labour Adviser to the Mines Department. He has been a Privy Councillor since 1916.

Photograph by L.N.A.

has been a Privy Councillor since 1916. The best constructed is, perhaps, "The Accursed Town"—that is, Arras—where, under Lebon's brutal rule, a disguised Marquis becomes assistant-executioner at the suggestion of a former minister to his pleasures, who thus seeks to give his master a new sensation and succeeds—better than he dreamed. "Auguste and the Supreme Being" is a variant of a very old story (most likely unknown to the

Scaramouche. By Rafael Sabatini. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

Romances in Red. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Hedder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)

The Ways of Laughter. By Harold Begbie. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

With a Great Price. By Mrs. Hugh Walker. (O'Connor; 8s. 6d.)





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**P**OUR une belle fête, ce fut une belle fête! Paris for one night almost became Carthage. After all, these Quat-z'-Arts balls have the happy effect of spreading and reviving a knowledge of history and literature. This year we have been celebrating the centenary of Flaubert (of his birth, for there will be other Flaubert centenaries—it is simply raining centenaries in France just now!). Therefore the mysterious powers that decide what costumes shall be worn at the Bal des Quat-z'-Arts remembered Flaubert and remembered that he had written "Salammbô."

Carthage is indeed *à la mode*. Why, even at the Folies-Bergère there are scenes of Carthaginian orgies! Besides, Carthaginian costumes leave plenty of room for frivolous fancy. Strict adherence to the veritable clothes that the Carthaginians wore was certainly not required. The chief point about the dresses of the Paris students who pretended to be back in the great city of revels was that they were scanty.

They were also gorgeously coloured. Purple and gold, green and silver, scarlet and yellow, all crudely mingled. There were hosts of warriors with spears and helmets, and gaily appparelled slaves uproariously enjoying their chains! But the girls were even more wonderfully clad. Their attire may truly be said to have been rich and rare—sometimes exceedingly rare. Rainbow-hued veils dexterously draping the feminine form seemed to be the chief part of many costumes.

It was not only at Luna Park that the most celebrated of all Paris masquerades took place. When you have occasion to dress up in such a manner it would be folly to proceed to your destination immediately. These students first wanted to show themselves off. It was impossible to stir in any quarter of the Gay City without coming upon a noisy band of strange figures. They are tolerated by the authorities; and even when they invaded the Opéra and other public places their incursions were taken with the utmost good-humour.

But it was at Luna Park that the fun became startling. It is now pretended that it is extremely difficult to enter unless you are really an art student. But the difficulties are, of course, exaggerated. What is true is that everybody has to submit to an examination before admission, and has correctly to give certain passwords—which, however, may be learned when the tickets are procured! The soldiers of Hamilcar arrived in great motor-wagons—for anachronisms of that kind are not heeded! Extraordinarily decorated cars came from the *ateliers*—cars representing Moloch, from whose *ventre* streamed hosts of bizarre warriors. Sometimes there were problems to be solved. For example, an American art student had dressed himself up as a conventional devil, red and horned and carrying a trident. Was this in keeping with the Carthaginian character of the ball? There were grave doubts, but eventually it was decided

that the devil must have played a pretty prominent rôle in ancient Carthage! It is impossible to describe the wild jollity of this youthful ball, its deafening music, its shouting and singing and its Bacchanalian fury of dancing. The Quat-z'-Arts is unique, because nowhere does a crowd let itself go as on this occasion here. And in the rosy morning it is the traditional custom to traverse Paris to the École des Beaux-Arts, and there in the courtyard take a much-needed douche under the famous pump.

Carthage is even figuring on the stage of the Opéra. M. Rouché, the director, incurs the criticism of Berlioz-lovers for having dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon "Les Troyens." Personally, I think he deserves great credit for having made it possible to mount an opera which had been discarded because of its extraordinary length. As it was written it would take two evenings to perform. There

is first the burning of Troy, and then the appearance of *Æneas* at Carthage and his love passages with Dido. If Berlioz is to blame for confounding two epochs, he is only following the example of Virgil, and, anyhow, historical accuracy is of little importance. I think some of the best Berlioz music is to be heard in this opera, and although it is perhaps the fashion to belittle Berlioz (even Wagner is out-moded by Stravinsky, and Stravinsky by Prokofiev!), Berlioz at his best is great. I think, then, that the courageous cutting down of this prodigiously long opera so that it might be performed in a single evening is a worthy work, for which M. Rouché deserves thanks. This is one of the most notable operatic productions of the year.

Anna Pavlova consented to appear at the Opéra in "La Péri" of Paul Dukas before going to England. When I saw her in her *loge*, she

asked me to say how delighted she is with the prospect of visiting London again after her travels round the world. She is more delightful than ever. I saw at the Trocadéro indescribable scenes of enthusiasm when she danced the unforgettable "Mort du Cygne." What beauty, what grace, what incomparable poetry! No wonder that Paris again went mad with rapture at this perfect miracle of art.

She has with her not only Volinine, the not unworthy successor of Nijinsky, but also an amazing dancer of a wild energy that I have never seen surpassed. M. Stowitts is incredibly vigorous. His *Élan* is superb. The elemental and savage beauty of "Le Brigand" must be seen to be believed. But what is not ravishing in this programme—this programme in which is included the delicious "Californian Poppy" of Tchaikovsky, the "Petits Soldats de Plomb" of Liadoff, the "Valse Triste" of Sibelius, and the magic "Syrian Dance" of Saint-Saëns? After the elaborate scenery to which the Russian Ballet has accustomed us, it is surprising to see how the dance, without accessories, against a simple background of black curtains, may be the thing.

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WE have reached, with the revolution of the sun—or the earth (which is it?)—that stage and season of the year when the news anent that devastating catastrophe at Tuxedo and the reported declaration of war between Czecho-Slovakia and the Great Cham of Tartary finds itself elbowed into the quieter corners of the dailies by more absorbing communications from Our Special Correspondent.

Astonishingly written up all our Functions get nowadays, don't they? Two or three people can't go down the road past Slough to see a few horses trip over each other on Ascot Heath without the gentlemen with the adjectives working themselves into a froth about it. Very odd. But they seem to like it.

And one has always wondered who reads these glowing narratives of very ordinary occasions. Is it the people who go, or the wiser, happier people who stay at home? It can hardly (can it?) be the spectators themselves—except, perhaps, those few hopeful souls who perpetually scan the list of those present in order to discover the familiar outlines of their own signature. Because everyone who was there knows that it wasn't a bit like that really, and would write, if they had read it, to the editor to tell him so.

So it must be the quiet Cinderellas at home, who bathe (as soon as the Home Edition is out) in the sunshine reflected with increased iridescence from the pools of printer's ink which are spilt on these occasions. Happy, happy readers, who escape the dust and the heat and the crush of nonentities and take their Ascot in a brilliant blaze of glorious weather and distinguished people "looking in the best of health."

And one wonders also whether the space that some of these Great Occasions get in our contemporary records really indicates with precision the measure of interest which the public takes

in them. In the Derby? Yes. In the Gold Cup? Probably. In Test Matches? Who can say? In polo? Almost certainly not.

The Polographers have really accomplished an astounding feat. Here is a game with a general flavour of Anglo-Indians and cavalry regiments about it. Fifteen years ago you probably had to take the train to Rugby and toil up the Barby Road to an almost entirely unpopulated ground if you wanted to see it played in England with reasonable efficiency. And now—

Now it is spread broad and bright and picturesque across the pages of contemporary history. And does half the public take an intelligent interest in one quarter of a decimal point of a second of a game? One may be permitted to doubt it. Then why are they looking at it? Well, because Richmond Park is a nice neighbourhood in the afternoon. And because England is playing somebody—and that is a very sound and sufficient reason.



WINNERS OF THE GREYNA GREEN RACE AT ROEHAMPTON: LADY DIANA SOMERSET AND MAJOR PHIPPS HORNBY.

Lady Diana is the younger daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. Her sister is Countess of St. Germans.

Photograph by Alfieri.

But one is tortured by a suspicion that if the percentage of Peers of the Realm who play it were a trifle smaller, or if the nicknames of leading players were a shade less readily accessible to intelligent students of the Press, there would be a few more gaps round the ground and a good deal more room in the papers for other news—and pictures.

And the pictures are probably the secret of the whole polo boom of 1921. No game looks half so pretty on the page. The stupid, staring faces of footballers in action, the dismal, hunched return to the pavilion (and the camera) of dismissed batsmen, are nowhere for pictorial virtue when you compare them with the rushing little ponies and large gentlemen in white shirts.

So that is why, whilst the Lord Chancellor prefers the smaller publicity of the tennis-court, Mr. Churchill (who really understands these matters) faces the footlights in an entirely new shape of hat in the picturesque disguise of a polo-player. Because we shan't know how he plays. But we shall all be quite certain that it is Mr. Churchill.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A. CORNWALL: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (FOREGROUND) PLAYING POLO FOR ROEHAMPTON AGAINST THE WANDERERS.

Roehampton were beaten by the odd goal in eleven. In the losing team were the Prince of Wales, Major Godfrey Heseltine, Lt.-Col. C. D. Miller, and Admiral Earl Beatty (Back). Mr. Winston Churchill played Back for the winners. The Prince was playing as A. Cornwall. Formerly, he played as H. Edward.—[Photograph by Farrington.]





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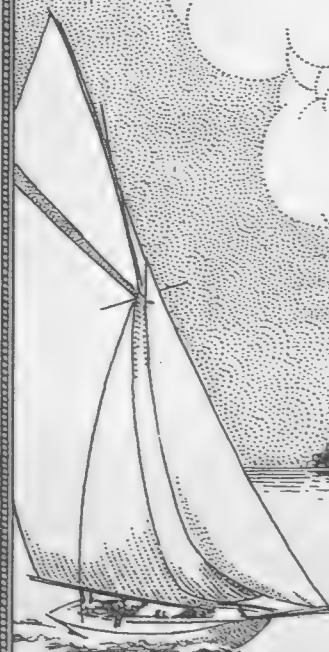
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# Through a Glass Lightly



**A FAMOUS POLO-PLAYER:  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. F.  
HUNTER, D.S.O.**

Lieut.-Colonel C. F. Hunter, the well-known polo-player, commands the 4th Dragoon Guards. In our recent Polo Supplement we published a short account of him, together with a photograph. Owing, however, to an error on the part of the photographer, the portrait shown was one of Colonel Harrison, not Colonel Hunter.—[Photograph by Rouch.]

A confirmed bachelor friend of mine has suddenly given up all his long-sacred vows and gone and got married. When asked the reason for this sudden conversion, his reply was: "Well, it's entirely a matter of economy. I prefer to pay a shilling a pound for food at home rather than give a shilling a bite for food in a restaurant."

Could you but peer into her soul, you would find that the woman who tells a man that "he ought to be ashamed of himself" is glad he isn't.

How rare such happenings are is illustrated in the result of a chance meeting of two actors in the Strand a few days ago. One suggested having some light refreshment at the nearest hostelry. The other demurred slightly, and then, with a left-handed grace, accepted. Half-an-hour having been passed in the drinking of one glass of beer each, the invited one explained that he regretted being unable to return the compliment, as, what with the general slump, high rents, cost of clothes, agents' fees, and what not, he was absolutely at the end of his resources and hadn't even the price of a twopenny stamp. "Matter of fact," he concluded mournfully, "the only coin I possess is some foreign junk given me as change on a tram last night." At once an idea came to the other, who suggested going to a Bureau de Change to have the coin valued. At the Bureau the clerk, given the

**T**WO Welshmen, who were returning by charabanc from a trip to London during the non-coal-working days, found it rather difficult to find a congenial topic for conversation. The strike was a matter of no import; the Test Match appeared to interest neither; and politics were taboo. Yet to each there would appear to be something in common, though neither was quite sure that the other was Welsh. So the South Wales man decided to plunge. "From Wales you arr?" he essayed. The Northern Cymro replied laconically, after the fashion of his race. "Aay," he said. The questioner pursued with "Oh, and wot part of Wales you do come from?" "Norrth," was the reply. "Well, now, fancy that," said the inquisitive one; "I didn't know people came from there. And from wot town do you come?" The reticent one took a deep breath and uttered "Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandsiliogogoch—not as 'ow I wants to brag about it, though."

coin, examined it and then announced: "You can have twenty shillings for this. It's an English sovereign."

Both men fainted.

The patient awoke from a long period of unconsciousness and, gazing about him dazedly, he murmured, "Ah! where am I? In heaven?" And, in a soft gentle voice, an assurance came from his watching wife: "No, dear; you are here with me."

The woman who has never had to use subterfuge to avoid a man will never want to use subterfuge except to meet a man—any old kind of man.

There is something about a postman that seems to speak the plain, honest fellow. That is why it is amusing when he blurts his honesty at you, should you think he is anything but the paragon he appears to be. Anyway, a wife wrote on a post-card to her husband, who was staying at a country village: "It's no good my giving you any news on a post-card, for I'm sure that postman reads everything there is to read on post-cards. I'll



**A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL PARTY  
FOR ASCOT: LADY MARY FOX-  
STRANGWAYS.**

Only two unmarried girls were included in their Majesties' guests at Windsor for the Ascot Meeting. One of these was Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, the debutante daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester. She was born in 1903, and is the eldest of Lady Ilchester's four children.—[Photograph by Alice Hughes.]

tell you everything when I come down on Saturday." On the arrival of the train on Saturday, before her husband could get to her, the wife was accosted by the postman indignantly: "Excuse me, Madam, but what do you mean—suggesting that I read your post-cards?"

Appearance of husband saved a further scene.

The high-handed, brow-beating young barrister was enjoying himself immensely cross-examining a witness for the prosecution in a case of robbery in which he appeared on behalf of the accused. "Now, Sir," said he, casting a glance from judge to witness and thence to the ceiling. "Now, Sir, you say that you actually saw my client making away with the stolen goods from your friend's house?" "I—I—did," answered the witness hesitatingly. "Then," continued the barrister, "when did the robbery take place? Now, be careful." Again a pause, and the witness began: "I think—" But the barrister promptly interrupted. "We don't want to know what you think. Tell us what you know." This gave the witness his chance. Moving out of the box, he said: "Then, I'd better leave the box. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer." SPEX.



**A YOUNG GUEST OF THE KING AND  
QUEEN, FOR ASCOT: LADY RACHEL  
CAVENDISH.**

Lady Rachel Cavendish, the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, was one of the guests of the King and Queen for Ascot. She is still in her teens, as she was born in 1902; and only recently made her debut.

Photograph by Bassano.



**MARRIED RECENTLY: LIEUTENANT-  
COLONEL J. CAMPOS, PORTUGUESE  
ARMY; AND MISS DORIS DUNBAR  
BARRETT.**

The marriage of Miss Doris Dunbar Barrett, daughter of Mr. Barrett, the well-known financial expert and journalist, to Lieutenant-Colonel J. Campos, of the Portuguese Army, took place recently at Westminster Cathedral. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom after the ceremony.





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Miss WINIFRED EMERY.  
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# Pond's Vanishing Cream

# MOTOR DICTA



## FADED INK OR INTELLIGENCE? TONGUES GREEN AND WHITE. By GERALD BISS.

THE climax of all the frolicsome Geddesian absurdities to which we have been so painfully subjected under the new licensing system has been the summoning of motorists for not having the necessary particulars clearly visible upon their licenses owing to the ink having faded under the pernicious and premature scorplings of the Dog Star. If it were not for the annoyance of it, the delightfully ridiculous mentality behind such proceedings would be worth its weight in radium; but there is no getting away from the fact that it is very annoying to be haled as a criminal before erratic



THE ROAD ASCOT: MR. AND MRS. STROYAN'S PARTY, AT LUNCH.

Some of the people who went to Ascot by car had picnic lunches in considerable state beside their motors. Our photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Stroyan's party round the lunch-table.

Photograph by Tom Aitken.

Bumbledom, with every possibility of punishment, certainly not condign, at a time inconvenient and a place remote, when one may hap to have urgent calls of pleasure, or even business, elsewhere. Who put this fast-fading ink upon the innocent license of your car or mine? The Government, through its minions, at Little Eric's word of command. Who really is responsible ultimately? The Government, in the colossal shape of Little Eric. In fact, the hoof is on the other trotter, so to speak; and the least this grabstome Government can in decency do is to fill up our licenses in decent ink that lasts—at such a price! Invisible ink smacks too much of German spies and William le Queux; and in this peaceful epoch it is too subtle, if not egregiously outside the rules of the game, of the Home Government to translate it into a fine-filching, money-making medium. And, of course, in order to add to that indefinable air of mystery with which the *Daily Mail* has voluntarily surrounded itself, the enterprising news editor would send forth in search of copy one of his know-all young men, who brought back the glad news that "on a large number of licenses the name of the owner was unreadable"! Now this was very strange, you know, as Lewis Carroll would have it, because the name was never there to read! The artistic touch was "the large number." Did the Carmelite envoy find one just car in Sodom, or even just one car in London, which had itself duly inscribed as to the name of its owner? Thus ever is modern history made. So now let the Government hie to its ink-pots and try to lessen such bureaucratic pin-pricks on top of everything else. It may be funny, of course; but it's dam annoying all the same, be you the "he" or the "she" of the faded license, as in modern matrimony.

### The Passing of the Road Club.

Apparently the Road Club is definitely to pass away at the end of this month, and although not officially announced at the time of writing, the Engineers' is said to be likely to reign in its stead in that curiously ill-fated building which has housed so many clubs under various names—the Lyric, the Prince of Wales, the New Lyric, the Walsingham, the Motor, and the Road Club, if not others. I have belonged to most of them since my schoolboy days, and am tempted to wonder how the Engineers will fit into this curious skin—serious and sedate folk with things like "M.I.C.E.," if not "R.A.T.S.," appended to

their O.B.E.'s and other troubles. Several of these clubs have been perilously near scoring a success; but all have failed, for one reason or another, which I need not go into here. The Motor Club was going strong till the strain of the war cracked it; and in November 1919 the Road Club was opened with high hopes, a great flourish of trumpets, and much good gold lavished upon it. Then the slump, which caught its backers bending, and the old story of the bank and mortgages, just when it was really beginning to show signs of paying its way. For some time there has been talk of an Engineers' Club on New York lines, and at a recent meeting over 1600 applications for membership were reported, and it was decided to form a club under the genial presidency of Mr. Teddy Manville, M.P., of the Daimler Company. And the premises are obviously to hand; but, though it has been announced in certain well-informed journals as an accomplished fact, don't forget that there is many a slip 'twixt the club and the cheque—in these hard times! If the Engineers do eventuate, the next question will be how far the existing members will be included with the fixtures, and *ipso facto* become engineers proper or improper, or whether they will be driven out into the desert of the R.A.C., where they don't care a tinker's bad word whether you be an engineer or not, all being grist to that gigantic mill. At one time the Coventry Street building was very near passing into the hands of the A.A.; but that has, I believe, dropped right through for certain reasons, whatever happen.

"Oh, là là!" As a friend of mine used to say, prior to his addition to the uncanonised saints, being a sort of hagiological inexactitude with no ready-made niche to fit, like Joan of Arc; he only spoke two languages—good language and bad language—but he always got through on them, at home and abroad. Nowadays, especially on top of the war, a free flow of the latter after the fashion of one Thomas Atkins, or a soupçon of the vernacular, according to company, will carry the erstwhile tongue-tied Briton a long way in France. Still, at the same time, a little knowledge of French outside the green *argot* is not without its considerable uses, especially as regards technical details, and I have just received a most admirable and carefully compiled "Motor Dictionary" (Constable; 4s.)—French-English and English-French, two bob each way, as they had it in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot—by Leonard Henslowe, who not so long ago did an *aero* dictionary upon the same lines. Unlike my "Liddell and Scott," or even "Murray's" (up-to-date), which in dictionary form is far removed from the colloquialisms of Maidenhead,



AN ASCOT CAR-SIDE PICNIC: MR. AND MRS. BUCKMASTER AND PARTY.

Many of the racegoers who went to Ascot by road enjoyed lunch picnics by the side of their cars, and found the al-fresco meal very pleasant.—(Photograph by Tom Aitken.)

you do not require a motor-pantechnicon or even a four-ton lorry for your four-bob "Leonardo." You can slip it into your pocket, and when touring in La Belle discuss anything from a cardan-shaft to a common, if not garden, carburetter upon a small glass of *vin très ordinaire* without turning a hair, adding the *garnitures Anglaise* according to taste. Serve hot; and, *voilà*, your wheels will never stop going round, which is the true secret of automobilism at home or abroad.





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# VOGUES & VANITIES

By CARMEN of COCKAYNE



## Hard Work for the Dress Historian.

What a time the dress historian of the future has in store! Won't his labours be double and treble those of his predecessors when he comes to record the dress vagaries of 1921? Don't let any cynic step along and say that women wear so little in the way of dress these days that there's nothing or very little to write about, or that it's the student of anatomy whose remarks will be the most informative. That would be an obvious kind of criticism, anyway, and not a strictly accurate statement of fact into the bargain.



Something like what one imagines Cleopatra must have fancied.

Madame and Miss 1921 had gone back to the costumes that passed for feminine dress after "The Terror," or the mode à la sauvage of the Merveilleuses, when you didn't have to guess anything about the female form divine, and Mme. Tallien was "dressed like a Roman lady, but not unlike one of those matrons whose principal attire was their native modesty."

**Then and Now.** In an age when Madame was clothed from the lobe of her shell-like ear to the toes of her not always well-shod feet in thick satin and "stuff" dresses modestly opaque, and trailing at least a yard on the ground behind her, the call for the services of the lingerie artist was not insistent. Besides, the unattractive aspect of the dress was matched by the clothes worn below it. In the era of the red-flannel petticoat dainty lingerie had no place worth speaking of. But modern fashions, at least, make it possible for beauty as it affects clothes to be literally skin deep; and if the Mode decides to be unselfish and decrees that good things shall not, so to speak, hide their light under a too thick frock, what's a woman to do but fall into line or let herself be written down as out-of-date right away? If anyone expects that kind of Spartan conduct from Eve, he's a long way from knowing anything about the lovely lady.



Real lace of two kinds and wee ribbon flowers make this cap.

monetary value appears to be in inverse ratio to their covering capacity. But to know "where to shop" is half the battle of being well dressed, and for this reason John Barker's, High Street, Kensington, is the Mecca of hundreds of thousands of smart women

**Little and Good.** With dresses adopting "little and good" as their motto, and living up—or should it be down?—to it too, it's quite easy to understand how the writer will have his labours doubled. For doesn't the modern frock reveal the secrets of the dress underworld in the frankest way? So won't they, too, have to be included in the clothes chronicles? Otherwise, there might be a danger of succeeding generations getting the notion that



Simplicity is the soul of chic in the world of undies.

**Details.** A smart woman, therefore, must have lovely under-clothes. That being established, the next thing is to know where to get them. There are, of course, any number of places where beautiful "undies" can be bought at a price. Still, it's not everyone who can afford to pay the extravagant prices demanded for very little in the way of "underneath," whose idea of their own

who fully appreciate the value of an establishment where the principle of combining beauty with economy is thoroughly well understood.

## Crêpe-de-Chine and Filet.

Now the fashions below skirts have to be as carefully studied as those changes of the mode that affect frocks and cloaks and other exterior garments. There's not a bit of good, for instance, insisting on a frilly petticoat when fashion's laid it down that the smart woman must have a figure that looks like a drain-pipe. Just now the demand is less for the tempestuous petticoat than for sleek elegancies like the crêpe-de-Chine model Dolores has sketched on this page, whose rosy beauty is in keeping with the negligé decorated with Richelieu work that is worn over it. Crêpe-de-Chine remains the



Here's a cap which even those with very little hair need not hesitate to wear.

favourite medium for luxurious lingerie, and at its best at John Barker's is allied with real filet lace and insertion: a combination of materials that represents beauty and utility combined in the happiest way, for both wash well.

**Popular Voile.** But an unlimited number of crêpe-de-Chine "sets" is beyond the reach of a very moderate purse, the owner of which, however, is far from compelled to languish in "dull" undies on that account. Cotton voile is very dainty and infinitely more practical than inferior crêpe-de-Chine; and if you want to see for yourself how attractive are the garments for which it is used, just go along to John Barker's. For the moment the tendency is towards rather plain underwear, but that does not prevent lingerie of this type from being very daintily decorated with hemstitching and hand-drawn thread-work. Another alternative to crêpe-de-Chine is crêpe rajah, that is not unlike the colienne once beloved of the small dressmaker as a summer frock material—only rajah is more silky altogether, and very dainty into the bargain. With the exception of a ration of the real variety, lace is not much in evidence on under-garments of the moment; but a rather attractive, as well as practical, substitute is fine Brussels net. This is used along the top of a cache-corset or chemise, or forms the hems of knicks, and is generally used double. Then the decorator gets to work, and a bird or a flower, or a butterfly or two, is appliqué on to the net, the trimming being of the same material as the main body of the garment.

**Boudoir Caps.** Dolores' sketches will at once convince doubters that there are boudoir caps to suit all tastes as well as all complexions, and a detailed description would at once prove that the owners of short purses as well as long ones have been considered. Real lace and chiffon models are undeniably desirable, but equal artistry is displayed by those who work in crêpe-de-Chine and lace that, even if not "real," satisfies the eye and, more important these days, is not too exacting in its demands upon the resources of women.



Killed chiffon and ciré ribbon, both black, for magpie schemes are fashionable.





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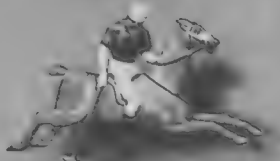
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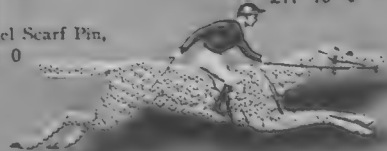
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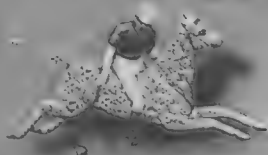
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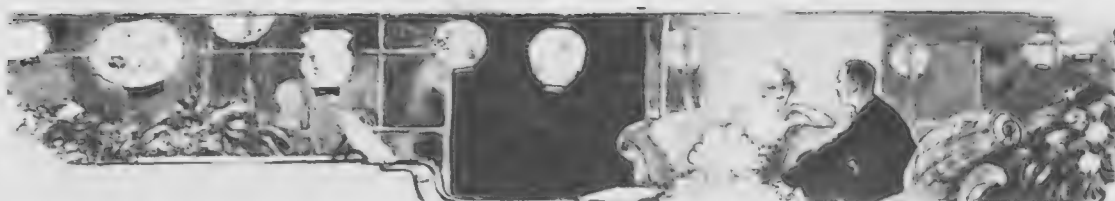
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## A Lace and Organdie Ascot.



ASCOT is admittedly a dress carnival. To the women, at least, the racing is merely a secondary consideration. The fact that really first-rate horses run at Ascot (when the state of the ground does not force their owners to scratch them) may be extremely interesting to the men, but Eve is engrossed in other matters. It is true that as the horses fly past the post she may be watching them at the rails; but just as you're preparing to pour out your praises upon the bay that's ridden by the midget in green, with pink spots and jazz cap, she'll, so to speak, put a complete stopper on your enthusiasm by asking if you've noticed that Miss Mushroom, who's never been in the Royal Enclosure before, is wearing broderie anglaise panels on a silk dress, when really she should be wearing plaid muslin to be modish!

### Keeping Up the Tradition.

There were horrid rumours that Coal Strike Ascot was not going to keep up the dress traditions established by a long line of predecessors. People murmured vaguely that the enclosures were sure to be empty; some even went so far as to predict the absence of gypsies from the Heath—I wish they'd had to walk across from the motor-enclosure to the Grand Stand or the Royal Enclosure! As a matter of solemn fact, the crowds in the reserved seats, at any rate, were quite up to the average; the Royal Enclosure was quite as well patronised as the authorities could have wished; and only the early comers could get a first-row view of the runners of the next race. But, as I've said before, it is the dresses at Ascot that matter, and there was plenty of good "copy" to be found in the toilettes there this year.

### Yellow Everywhere.

Rumours of a carnival of black and white were not altogether fulfilled. It was the debutantes that did it. No doubt they felt that as they had been robbed of the greater part of their "season" festivities, it was up to them to make a brave show on the first occasion on which they were present in massed formation, so to speak. Anyhow, youth went gaily clad in muslins and light satins, with yellow as first favourite for colour—yellow that shaded from palest primrose to a sort of golden-brown colour, and broke out both in frocks and hats. But yellow needs careful handling, and is not really at its best when combined with peacock blue, as I saw it one day, the last-named colour being utilised in the sash and around the hat. Another vision in yellow had a flat Japanese parasol to match her frock, and along the top sprawled a great brown dragon, I think, but it might have been a "Peke." Probably the most attractive of the yellow frocks were those in organdie, a material much in favour with the "debs," and one in which, I'm bound to admit, they looked very well indeed. This muslin revival is really rather a cheering sign. Its adoption by young people—who, after all, are those upon whom it looks best—suggests that perhaps, after all, it's no longer a crime to look young. Of late the matron of twenty-five or thereabouts has felt positively infantile when in company with Miss Sophisticated Nineteen-Twenty-One.

### Popular Broderie Anglaise.

Fashion has decided that broderie anglaise effects are greatly to be desired, so it was only natural that there should have been a positive epidemic of this particular form of decoration on the Ascot lawns. It was, however, applied chiefly to taffeta rather than muslin, and some

really lovely results were arrived at, notably in the case of a frock in deep rose-coloured taffeta, with fine broderie anglaise panels at either side, the work being on the silk itself. One also saw lawn and silk mixed; thus one viscountess wore deep cream lawn embroidered in the fashion mentioned above, but the cotton material was combined with brown silk taffeta, and the whole result was far better than if the dress had been entirely of the silk.

### And Much Lace.

This has been a lace season, chiefly a *ciré* lace one, and with the Queen favouring the waxed *dentelle*—on the first day, at least—it wasn't surprising that many women followed the royal example. One rather illuminating instance of the extent to which the modern dress-designer will go, almost out of his way, to arrive at novel effects was illustrated in a frock of grey *ciré* lace. The skirt consisted of three flounces, and between them were bands of what seemed like blue insertion. It wasn't till you looked closely at it that you discovered that it was composed entirely of strands of ostrich-feather, after which you will no doubt admit that the modern *couturier* is nothing if not enterprising. But you can get a lace-like



### THE UNDER-BRIM PLUME: A GRACEFUL CONDOR HAT.

This graceful midsummer hat is a Condor model worn by Miss Constance Worth. Could anything be more becoming than the huge plume which nestles under the brim and makes a background for the delicate profile of the wearer?

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

look without actually resorting to *dentelle*. For example, you can "darn" chiffon to give a lace-like effect; and what's the use of fillet net if not to use *lassé* braid or thick silk with which to work in beautiful patterns that make it the most effective addition to a dress that the most critical woman can desire?

### Other Points.

Material considerations apart, Ascot was full of interest to the dress student. To begin with, skirts were appreciably longer, though the fact must not be interpreted as implying an abrupt return to earth. There are still some inches to be travelled before anything of the kind can occur; but at least there was no repetition this year of what happened last, when a sudden thunder-shower caused already short skirts to shrink to alarmingly brief proportions—all in a minute, too, so that all kinds of secrets were cruelly revealed! Another rather noteworthy fact was the number of long, or comparatively long, sleeves that were attached to Ascot gowns. Extremes are not looked upon with much favour in the Royal Enclosure, but decorum wasn't in it with some of the necks and sleeves; and one frock even rose to the ears, and, not content with that, showed a wide-spreading fan collar attachment all round the neck.

### Sunshades.

Sunshades were not so concerned with being useful as decorative. In so far as a few inches of lace, or tulle, or silk, or all three mixed, could shield beauty from the sun's rays, they did their best; but for some reason parasols have diminished in size, and are scarcely equal to the task of sheltering a moderate-sized picture hat.

### Looking Back.

Looking back on the meeting, it cannot honestly be said the Ascot-goers made a determined stand for economy. Dresses, truly, were simple; but what woman doesn't know that it's the simplest dress that runs into the most money? The advocates of national or standard clothes for women can't have found much to comfort them at the Royal Meeting.



### BOTH CHIC AND USEFUL: A CHARMING CONDOR TOQUE.

Miss Constance Worth knows that the small hat is not only a useful possession, but an almost invariably becoming one. Could anything be more delectable than this little toque, with its flat floral adornment and floating veil?

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.





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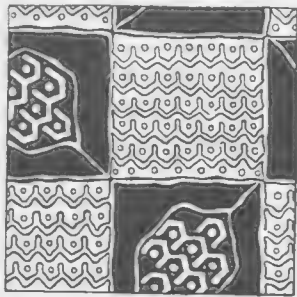
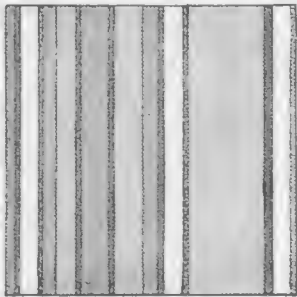
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# Grafton

## Specialities

THE art of dressing well and distinctively is a matter less of expense than of "good taste." Grafton's Cotton Voile presents wonderful opportunities for the expression of the feminine sense of beauty. The variety, originality and daintiness of its designs, the pleasing combinations of colour, its grace and general atmosphere of feminine charm, make Grafton's Cotton Voile the one and only material to which tasteful women turn for Economical Gowns, Dresses and Blouses, as well as for frocks for the children. Although so delicate in appearance, Grafton's Cotton Voile is far more durable than many a coarser material, improves with washing, does not crease, and is suitable for practically all occasions.



These two Beautiful Voile Designs in lovely range of colourings.

The name "Grafton" is stamped on the Selvedge of all our Specialities.

If your local draper is out of stock, write to Grafton's, 69, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, who will see that a good selection of Patterns is sent to you Post Free.

For Lingerie, Ladies will find

**"GRAFTON" CHIFFONELLE**  
the Ideal Material.  
Many Charming  
Printed Designs and  
Plain Art Shades.

**"GRAFTON" FABRIC**

An economical  
Cloth for Ladies'  
Overalls, Children's  
Dresses, Furniture  
Hangings, Loose  
Covers, etc., etc.

A charming Illustrated Booklet in colours, describing some of Grafton's Specialities, will be sent free on request.



## INEXPENSIVE LACE TEAFROCKS

Lace is particularly fashionable in Paris this Season, many of the smartest models being made entirely of lace over georgette and other soft clinging materials. Cream, white and black laces with foundations of bright colours showing through, or laces dyed in vivid colours are much in demand.

GRACEFUL TEAFROCK (as sketch) for young ladies in good quality cream lace, in an effective design, on a silk net ground of fine texture, lined with ninon throughout, finished bow and belt of taffeta ribbon in contrasting shades.

PRICE

8½ Gns.

NEW SEASON'S FURS  
AT TO-DAY'S PRICES.

Alterations and Repairs.

Customers will reap the fullest advantage of the recent fall in the price of Furs on all orders placed with us now, and this applies to Fur Alterations and Renovations, which can be remodelled and adapted to the newest shapes at specially low prices during the Summer months.

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RECORD  
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HIGHEST  
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MONDAY NEXT

TYPICAL BARGAINS  
from Ladies' Outfitting Department.



221

No. 220.—Useful Nightgown in Mull, simply hand-hemstitched round Neck and Sleeve.

Sale price 17/9

Cap of Pink Georgette, trimmed with Valenciennes Lace and Ribbon.

Sale price 15/9

No. 224.—Practical Nightgown in Cotton, trimmed with Embroidery and Lace, threaded with Ribbon.

Sale price 27/9

Cap of tinted Net, trimmed Insertion, finished with Pink, Blue or Mauve Ribbon.

Sale price 13/9

221.

No. 221.—Exceptional Bargain in All-Silk Satin Petticoat, full Ladies' size, waist on Elastic, new pleated Flounce. Colours: Purple, Grey, Helio, Pink, Raspberry and Fawn. No Black or White.

Sale price 21/9

Slip-over Camisole in Mull, trimmed Insertions of Valenciennes Lace, Waist on Elastic.

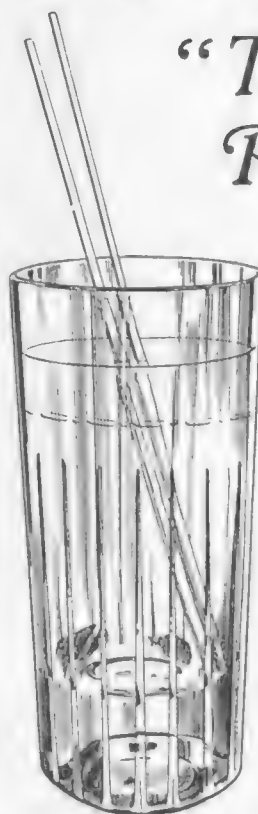
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SALE  
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KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1.

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"The World's  
Refresher,"



—there's the  
finest drink  
for all Seasons.

"Sucking cider thro' a straw" is not comparable with drinking IDRIS Lemon Squash, either through a straw or direct from the glass. Sweetened in the making, and only the best natural ingredients used, **IDRIS** Lemon Squash is palatable as well as perfectly pure.

Everywhere 2/3 per bottle.



By Appointment  
to H.M. the King.

Order LEMON SQUASH or LIME JUICE CORDIAL, Dry Ginger Ale, Sparkling Phosphate, Lemonade or other Aerated Waters from your Grocer, Chemist, or Wine Merchant,

but always insist upon

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**T**HE art of achieving best results in Washable Embroidery lies largely in the use of proper threads. CLARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS are best unquestionably. They are smooth to work; silk-like in sheen; strong and even; and in a range of lovely colours that are fast.

At all Drapers and Needlework Shops, together with Patterns, Transfers, and leaflets of Instruction.

Clarks "Anchor" Threads are seven in number

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All made by

**CLARK & CO LTD**  
ANCHOR MILLS  
PAISLEY



### Wonderful Value in Rich Pure Silk Crêpe-de-Chine PRINCESS PETTICOATS

This dainty and practical garment is adapted from an exclusive French model, and is entirely hand-made by our own workers in pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine. The cut, shape and finish are excellent.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in rich pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, with new shaped bodice daintily trimmed with hemstitching and tucks, pleated skirt finished with broad hemstitched fold. In pink, sky, yellow, black and ivory.

PRICE

**45/9**

In pure silk georgette, in pink, sky, yellow, ivory and black **42/9**

DAINTY LACE BOUDOIR CAP **18/9**

Sent on approval.

**Debenham  
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street.  
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## THE BURBERRY

was never satisfied to be merely a Weatherproof. It combines the services of at least three distinct coats.

### EFFICIENT WEATHERPROOF DISTINGUISHED TOP-COAT AIRYLIGHT DUST-COAT

Thus every day, in every kind of weather, THE BURBERRY performs some invaluable service.

#### TO-DAY — Wet and Dull

THE BURBERRY affords staunch, yet healthful protection against rain and all forms of moisture.

#### TO-MORROW — Unsettled

THE BURBERRY—proofed without rubber—faultlessly self-ventilating and airy, can be worn with comfort and without fatigue.

#### NEXT DAY — Fine

Made in non-conductive materials, THE BURBERRY provides a shade against the sun's rays and allows its wearer to enjoy the warmth and yet remain perfectly cool.

#### DAY AFTER—Stormy

The cloths are so densely woven that THE BURBERRY excludes the keenest winds and generates hygienic warmth when the temperature is low.

THE BURBERRY—THE COAT FOR  
EVERY DAY & EVERY WEATHER

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Every  
Burberry  
Garment  
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# The ATCO MOTOR MOWER

## NEVER grows tired

"It did all that we asked it to do," writes the Secretary of a Midland Golf Club, after an exhaustive three hours' trial on all parts of the course. "It cut a green in 20 minutes and does the work of three men."

It replaces a man and a horse, costs, for fuel, less than 2d. to mow 1,000 square yards, and is as simple to operate as a bicycle.

You take no risks with an 'Atco,' for we will give you free demonstration on your own grass. Write to-day for FREE Booklet, "The 'Atco' Motor Lawn Mower."

A horse only works about one-third of the day: The other two-thirds it wants care, food and shelter.

The 'Atco' does more work, faster, better and cheaper than a horse can possibly do it. It works as long as you need it to, and at full stretch all the time. When it isn't working (and earning) for you it costs nothing to keep.

The 'Atco' is your guide to mowing efficiency and economy. It enables every lawn owner himself pleasurably to satisfy every possible mowing need. At a cost of less than 2d. the 'Atco' efficiently cuts 1,000 square yards of turf in 20 minutes. It runs on ball-bearings throughout, which assist to carry the load, reduce friction, add materially to the life of the cutting blades, and eliminate the "work" from all mowing.

**CUTTERS 22" WIDE**  
**THE 'ATCO' MOTOR LAWN MOWER**  
**REDUCES LAWN UPKEEP BY 75%**  
**AND PAYS FOR ITSELF IN A YEAR.**

Get full particulars to-day from  
**CHARLES H. PUGH, Ltd.,**  
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Applications are invited from the Trade for Local Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

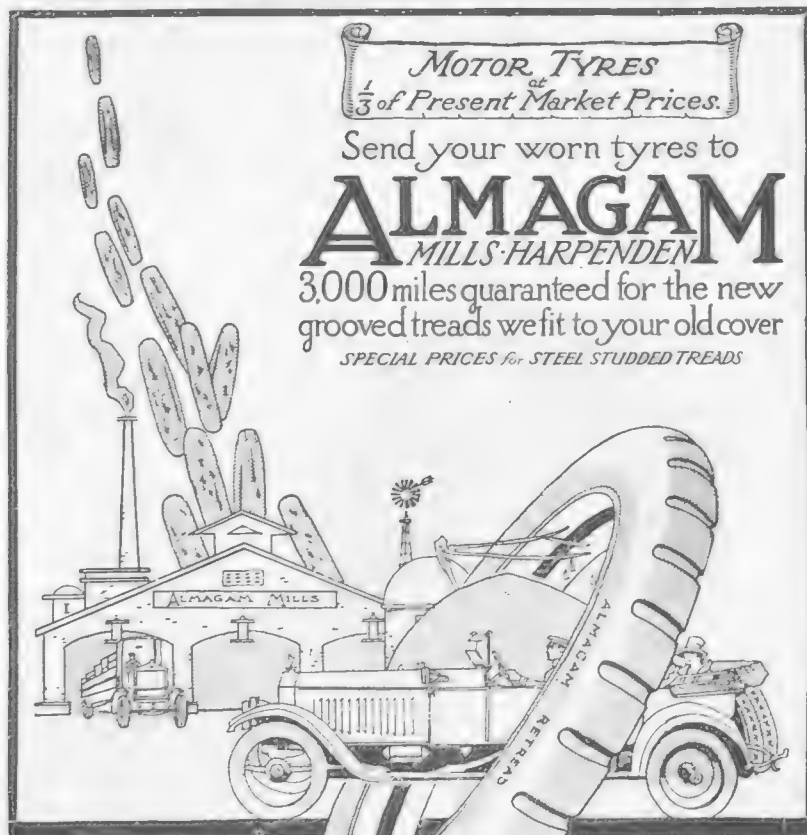
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*1/3 of Present Market Prices.*

Send your worn tyres to  
**ALMAGAM**  
MILLS HARPENDEN

3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover

*SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS*



### REDUCED PRICES OF RE-TREADING :

700 X 80 ...	£1. 5. 3
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Depots for A.R.M. Covers,  
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172, Gt. Portland Street,  
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ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, Ltd

### A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

"Those you have done for me have done exceptionally well, and I like them better than new tyres; your retread is far more firm and lasting."



## SUMMER!

And a "KELVIN" MOTOR LAUNCH on RIVER, LOCH, ESTUARY or OPEN SEA.

**THINK OF IT!**  
**BUT—THINK OF IT NOW!**

Last year we sold over 100 complete Motor Launches, and the demand was such that only one would-be buyer in ten secured a Launch. Think of it now, before the rush comes. This is the ideal healthful motoring. Inexpensive, too! No tyre hills, no punctures, no garage charges, no license duty, no high-priced petrol (the fuel is cheap paraffin).

**KELVIN** COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES OVER 40 MODELS.  
Deliveries from Stock. Write for Launch Catalogue No. 6.

**THE BERGIUS LAUNCH & ENGINE CO., Ltd.** DOBBIES LOAN, GLASGOW.



## Harrods ELEGANT GOWNS

Revealing with consummate artistry the prevailing trend of Fashion, the Modes now being displayed in Harrods Gown Salon are a veritable education in clothes-beauty.

The design-originality, beauty of material and surpassing charm of hue that characterise these lovely Models make a visit of inspection as much a source of pleasure as of interest and profit.

### 'ROSE'

Matron's Gown in soft Satin and Georgette. The bodice has long graceful lines of Satin and Georgette back, sleeves and sides. Embroidered with finely cut steel beads. Skirt is in Satin, with Georgette points piped Satin. Outsize only, in Black, Navy and many charming shades .. **16 Gns**

### Silk Stockings

SILK STOCKINGS (LH. 57). Medium weight. Double feet spliced lisle thread and double suspender tops strengthened lisle thread. Open clock at side. In black ... **22/6**

PURE SILK STOCKINGS (LH. 23). Double suspender tops and soles spliced lisle thread. Suitable for evening wear. In black only **21/6**

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



### The "BELFER."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, own and exclusive design French Sailor Hat, with absolutely flat and stiff Brim. This is a new Hat in beautifully light-weight flexible Felt which will withstand any weather, is waterproof, and can be worn for all occasions. In stock in white, Cuba Brown, dark and silver grey, and nigger. Other colours are in the making. Price **58/6**  
Unobtainable Elsewhere.

A selection of any Hat sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

By Special  
Appointment to  
H.M. Queen  
Alexandra,  
H.M. the Queen  
of Norway.

**ROBERT HEATH**  
of Knightsbridge.



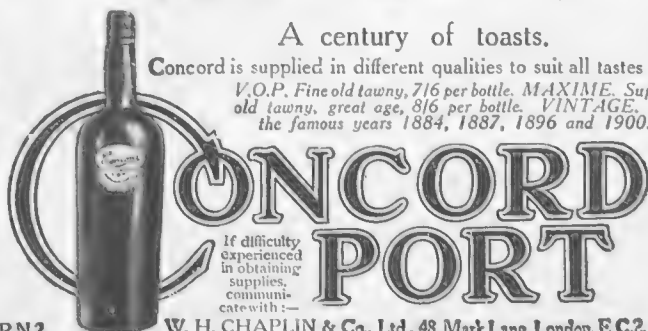
ONLY ADDRESS:

**37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.**



A century of toasts.

Concord is supplied in different qualities to suit all tastes:—  
V.O.P. Fine old tawny, 7/6 per bottle. MAXIME. Superb old tawny, great age, 8/6 per bottle. VINTAGE. Of the famous years 1884, 1887, 1896 and 1900.



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LADIES who desire to have their hair permanently waved—to look perfectly natural and beautiful—are strongly advised to go to Gérard's, 102, Victoria St., S.W.1

### GÉRARD'S Latest Scientific PROCESS

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Whole Head from  
**£5.5.0**  
Half Head from  
**£3.13.6**  
6/- per curler.

MISS HEATHER THATCHER (the celebrated actress) writes:—

"I am delighted with my Permanent Waving. It is a great boon to ladies who have lanky or greasy hair, and I can thoroughly recommend it. I have given it a very good test at the seaside, in the rain and wind—and oh! what a comfort."

**Gérard et Cie**

THE PERMANENT WAVE SPECIALISTS

World-renowned makers of Transformations, etc.

Only Address **102, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1**

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Established 1900.



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SENT ON APPLICATION.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.,  
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## 30% ADVANTAGE to the PUBLIC (APPROXIMATELY) IS SHOWN IN THE LATEST REDUCED PRICES OF "CLINCHER" TYRES

Clincher Cross Covers	Prices Oct. 14, 1920	New Prices April 30, 1921
815 x 105	£11 8 3	£7 15 3
820 x 120	12 14 9	9 6 3
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The consistent reduction in the selling prices of Clincher Tyres consequent upon the decreased cost of raw materials is one of the leading factors in the reduction of motoring costs.

Progressive improvements during 50 years practical experience have resulted in the high degree of road efficiency proved everywhere to be the outstanding feature of

NORTH BRITISH  
**"CLINCHER"**  
Regd. TRADE MARK  
Motor TYRES

*It washes!*

White and 59 beautiful shades

A SANITARY, washable distemper, MORSE'S "CALCARIUM" is a highly artistic, economical and durable covering for walls and ceilings. Suitable for inside and outside work on all kinds of surfaces. Supplied in paste for mixing with water only, it is very easy to apply and makes beautiful solid work.

MORSE'S "FRESCO" is equally effective but suitable for interior surfaces only. Not washable but thoroughly hard-drying and does not rub. Supplied in powder for mixing with water only, it has exceptional covering power and is most economical.

**Morse's**  
Obtainable through  
any Decorator, Iron-  
monger or Store, or from  
the makers if necessary.

**Distempers**

Write for Shade Card and Artistic Booklet of Suggestive Colour Schemes, sent post free on application to A. T. MORSE, SONS & Co., Upper Road and Grange Road, Plaistow, London, E. 13.

45 YEARS' REPUTATION

## "BETTER THAN EVER"—THE 12 h.p. ROVER

"The 12 h.p. Rover seems much more solidly put together than any previous model issued by the firm, remarkable as is its reputation for the wearing qualities of its products. Once seated in the car one begins to realise the progress made alike in the design and in the production . . . the newly designed gear-box enables one to pass right through from one speed to another . . . particularly when hill-climbing, with scarcely the loss of a second's driving effort."

*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,*  
March 19, 1921.

### Models & Prices :

8 h.p. 2-Seater	250 Gns.
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For complete Specification write

THE ROVER COMPANY, LIMITED, COVENTRY  
And at 59a, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1. LORD EDWARD ST., DUBLIN



SPECIAL LINES OFFERED BY  
**THE HANAN-GINGELL SHOE CO., LTD.**  
328-332, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.  
**SUMMER SALE**  
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 27th.

**LADIES' DEPARTMENT.**

**Wonderful Bargains in Brocade Slippers made by Wichert & Gardiner.**

1,000 pairs highest grade Brocade Fancy Shoes, all beautiful colours Black, White and Silver Satin Tango Dancing slippers	Usual Price 95/-	Sale Price 38/6
Blue and Pink Satin Opera slippers	58/6	30/-

**Highest Grade Oxford and Fancy Walking Shoes made by Hanan & Son.**

Over 1,000 pairs Highest Grade Black Suede Oxfords and Fancy shoes	84/-	45/-
Considerable quantity White and Grey oze Oxfords and Fancy Walking shoes	84/-	45/-
White Canvas Oxfords, leather soles	55/-	38/6
200 pairs Patent leather Fancy Walking shoes	84/-	45/-

**Highest Grade Oxfords and Fancy Walking Shoes made by Wichert & Gardiner.**

Patent leather Oxfords	50/-	38/6
Patent leather Fancy Walking shoes	78/6	30/-
Black kid Oxfords	50/-	25/-
Black, White and Grey oze Fancy Walking shoes	78/6	30/-
150 pairs White oze Oxfords	58/6	38/6
High-grade White Canvas Oxford Walking shoes, very smart for Summer wear	45/-	30/-
300 pairs Grey kid Fancy Strap Walking shoes	84/-	30/-

**MEN'S DEPARTMENT.**

**Big Reductions in Black and Brown Boots made by Hanan & Son.**

Tan leather Lace boots, medium and broad toes	78/6	40/-
Tan kid Lace boots	78/6	40/-
Black Box Calf Lace boots, medium and broad toes	78/6	40/-
Patent leather Lace Boots, kid tops, medium toes	78/6	40/-
Tournament Tennis shoes in White canvas, white rubber soles	45/-	30/-
Patent leather Button and Lace boots, Grey Cravenette Cloth tops, pointed and medium toes	98/6	65/-
Brown and Black full Brogue Oxford shoes, double soles	65/-	45/-
Brown oil grain Shooting boots, highest grade	84/-	58/6

**Highest Grade Button and Lace Boots made by Hanan & Son.**

Patent leather Button and Lace boots, Grey and Black oze calf tops	78/6	30/-
Patent leather Button Boots, Black, Grey and Fawn cloth tops	78/6	30/-
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Calf golosh Button and Lace boots, Grey oze tops	78/6	30/-
Calf golosh Button and Lace boots, kid tops	78/6	30/-

**Special Reductions in Ladies' Sporting Shoes, suitable for Tennis, Golf, Fishing and Shooting.**

High grade Brown Willow Calf full brogue Oxford shoes, stout soles for country wear	50/-	38/6
High-grade Brown Willow Calf full brogue Oxford shoes with Fringe tongue, stout soles, suitable for golf	55/-	42/-
High-grade Black Box Calf full brogue Oxford shoes, stout soles, suitable for golf	50/-	38/6
High-grade Brown and Grey oze Golf Oxfords with Fringe tongue	70/-	55/-
Brown and Black high leg lace boots, double soles, suitable for country wear	55/-	30/-
Brown leather Leggings to knee, suitable for all Sports' purposes and Farm wear	65/-	30/-
Special Tennis Tournament Blucher Oxfords in White canvas with rubber soles	42/-	30/-
Spring Trees for Slippers, and Evening shoes	...	2/9

NOTE.—SALE LIST WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION, also Single Samples will be sent on approbation if 1/- postage is included with order. Postage must be paid on all goods under 42/- in value.

# WATERPROOFS

## in Silks & Satins



Elvery's are now showing the *very smartest waterproofs* in silks and satins at quite moderate prices, **4½ to 6½ Gns.**

The "Chantilly" (illustrated) designed to present vogue and will not crush the daintiest gown. Just the very thing to protect from dust or rain — charming range of colours. ... Price **5½ Gns.**

Elvery's "Envelope Waterproof" in *Feather-weight Silk*, the lightest *real* waterproof ever produced, complete in envelope case.

Only **4½ Gns.**

All colours and every size stocked.

*The acme of waterproof production.*

## THE A.1 STORMPROOF

Light in weight, easy to carry. A marvel of value at ... **39/6**

Belted 2/6 extra. Colours: Fawn, Mole, Navy, etc.

Also for Gentlemen, same price.

ON APPROVAL.—Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance or London business reference. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned.

PATTERNS BY RETURN.

**31 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W. 1.**

(One door from New Bond Street.)

**Elvery's**  
Limited

Established 1850.

And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork

ELVERY'S WATERPROOFS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF YEARS.

## REDUCES HOUSEWORK

The designers of the "Northern" Electric Vacuum Cleaner set out to improve on all previous vacuum cleaners — no faults, no drawbacks. Their triumph is the "Northern" — delightful simplicity plus wonderful efficiency. So easy to use, so easy to keep in perfect order — yet so swift, so powerful, in extracting — without the smallest harm to material — the dust, dirt and microbes from carpets, curtains, hangings, upholstery, bedding, clothing — from every nook and corner everywhere. Make sure of a good investment — buy a "Northern" — small in cost but great in worth — made by expert workmen for lasting service.

PRICE - - - £18 18s. 0d.  
Complete with all accessories.

Descriptive booklet D sent free on request.

Write  
**THE NORTHERN STEEL & HARDWARE CO. LTD.,**  
9, SOUTH PARADE,  
MANCHESTER.

**"Northern"**  
ELECTRIC  
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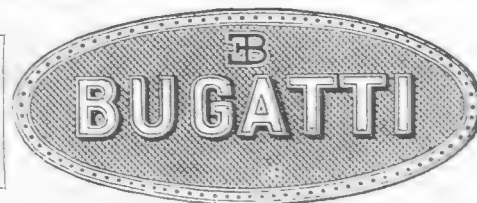


Built for  
a Lifetime  
of Service.

## 8 FIRSTS

won by the 11.5 h.p.  
Standard 3 - Seater

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Reduced from  
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## SPEED.

Stockport and District Motor Club.—Speed Trial.

First in Class	23—½-mile standing start up to 1,500 c.c.
First	24—cars unlimited, standing start.
First	25—cars up to 1,500 c.c., flying start.
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## HILL-CLIMBING.

Essex County and Southend Automobile Club.—Thundersley Hill.

First in Class	3—cars up to 1,500 c.c.
First	5—cars up to 2,000 c.c.
First	11—(event N)—cars of any description up to 1,500 c.c.
First	Y—acceleration test, unlimited.
Second on formula	in Class 5.

Bugatti's outstanding superiority in speed and power is thus convincingly proved against all comers.

**CHARLES JARROTT & LETTS, LTD.**  
SHOWROOMS:—40, Conduit Street, London, S.W.1  
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GARAGE & SERVICE DEPOT: 50, Page Street, Westminster, S.W.1  
Telephone: Victoria 7240 (3 lines). Telegrams: "Chassilets, Sowest, London."





### *Page 2 from Evelyn's Diary.*

"Father sed we was to look after the flower garden cos he's busy growing pertatos and things to eat. We was each to have a little patch and grow what we liked best. Margaret chose marigolds to match her hair and I chose pansies. Little John was a long time thinking, then he sed he'd grow Bird's Custard. We did larf, and he cried, becos he's only little, but Mother patted his head and sed he was a good judge of a good thing."

## *Bird's Custard*

*good at all times, is never better than with the fruits in season.*

"The best fruits taste better when served with delicious Bird's Custard," says a great Chef—"and they certainly look better!" What, for instance, is more inviting than stewed Cherries, Gooseberries, Raspberries, or Currants in their luscious juice mingling on the plate with golden Bird's Custard?

Bird's Custard replaces cream with advantage at infinitely less cost, and it modifies the fruit acids in the same beneficial way. Bird's is rich, yet never disagrees. Being made with milk it forms a splendid liquid food in which the nourishment of the milk is increased by 25%.

*The well-known nutritive value and delightful flavor of Bird's Custard bespeak purity, and distinguish Bird's from all imitations.*



## When He Rose to the Occasion.



THE CUSTOMER: Why do you always say the roses were painted by Billingsley?

THE DEALER: Ah, roses by any other name wouldn't sell as sweet!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Better Than Ever.

Nothing the matter with Ascot, was there? Many women thought it better than ever: there was no quite-full-up, hot train journey, and there was no crush in the enclosures, although the attendance was excellent. There was more business than ever in dressing-rooms, for some members of our sex were complete-change artists, and emerged from those feminine portals to rejoin their menkind outwardly quite different from how they entered. If there was a shortage of anything at the Royal meeting—in addition to winners spotted—it was of mirrors. The space round each was much congested. Even then one woman had to tell another if her hat was straight, and if her nose was evenly powdered. Fresh gloves had to be put on slowly and carefully, no "pull-ons" for this occasion. On the whole, women early arrivals found plenty to occupy them until the pleasures of the meeting began.

## Not An Expeditionary Adventure.

A great topic of conversation at Ascot was transit. Everyone asked everyone else: how did you get here? As if the journey were from Mars, or the historic heath an uncharted island on a little-known ocean. As a matter of fact, it was as simple as A.B.C., if a little more expensive. I heard not a murmur of regret for trains from anyone. The runs by road were easy, and the congestion not anything like that in the London streets, even at its worst bits. Organisation was splendid, and the great big cherub that sailed up aloft, R 36, did its bit nobly. The gorgeously arrayed Indian orderly officers of our King-Emperor were the most arresting sight in the Royal Enclosure, and they quite enjoyed letting us look at them arrayed so superbly; also, they are very fine and soldierly-looking men.

## Waxy Frocks.

There was not anything sensational about dress at the meeting, but there was a great deal that was novel, and much that was specially charming. There were some gauze dresses with a kind of French fancy tartan pattern on them. This on examination proved to be in wax, apparently un-meltable, since it stood firm through the heat of the days. These frocks were rather more original than beautiful. Ciré lace dresses were chosen by Lady Moira Combe, Countess Fitzwilliam, and a great many others. One of these frocks had lines of blue inserted which, when looked at closely, proved to be ostrich-feather. It looked

like very soft ribbon. Whether the expense justified the extra softness was a question for the wearer, who certainly looked as though such matters need not concern her much, if at all. She was a charmingly pretty girl, whose only trouble seemed to be that her sunshade points would stick in the lace of her frock.

## Dress at Ascot.

There is dress and dress at Ascot; from the standpoint of the women who even in these democratic days continue to lead because of their *flair* for securing the right effect, it was a black-and-white and grey meeting, colour being confined to touches on the gowns, the hats, and the sunshades. Never has black been more cleverly combined with white, or white with black. All black dresses were so fashioned as to be more arresting than those of coloured materials. The Queen wore one white dress of soft satin brocade with touches of gold, which suited her charmingly. Her Majesty also wore a lovely pale grey dress one of the days, beautifully embroidered with silk and beads. Grey was next in ascendancy to black and white, and most becoming it proved, as well as harmonious in *ensemble*.

## Her Majesty.

The Queen's dress was one of the loveliest worn on the opening day of the Royal Ascot meeting. It was of chiffon and ciré lace in a perfect shade of palest grey. Very simple it was as to line; most of the gown, including the sleeves, was of lace. There was a waist-band of jade-green velvet, which had a large fastener in front of gold-and-green enamel, from which fell a deep fringe of gold-and-green. The hat was of very lustrous satin gauze printed with pale colours; and a sunshade of similar material and colour, with a curved jade handle, was carried. Her Majesty looked really beautiful.

## Ankle-Length Wins.

The battle of the skirts fell, I think, to the ankle-length, take it all round. The fact that those women who adopted it looked taller and more *svelte* than their leggier sisters will tell in its favour even against the other fact that shortness of skirt tends to youthfulness of appearance. If a woman has succeeded in coercing time to leave no marks, short skirts accentuate her success. Their effect, when time has not dealt graciously, is to thrust the "mutton-dressed-lamb" theory down our throats very convincingly. After all, the ankle-length skirts were seldom straight round the hem, so that they were short in parts, as the curate's egg was good in parts. What was altogether commendable at Ascot was the neatness, prettiness, practicalness, and general attractiveness of foot and leg wear.

[Continued overleaf.]

**POPE & BRADLEY**

Civil Military & Naval Tailors  
OF OLD BOND ST LONDON-W.

By appointment to  
H.M. the King of Spain.



MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

This picture has been "censored"  
by the Underground Railway.

## MERRIE ENGLAND.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

My mentality is slowly recovering from a ghastly underground electric shock. My artistic sense has been rudely bludgeoned. My historical conceptions have been shattered. My respect for the immortals has been demoralised. I am suddenly awakened to the fact that I am not a respectable person. And as a corollary that the Royal Academy is not, perhaps, a respectable place, and that the Paris Salon may be conceivably worse.

This blinding flash comes not from above, but from the bowels of the earth.

Let me ascend into the sunlight of Nature and become explicit.

The reproduced picture which appears on this page was executed to my commission by an artist whose work has been appreciated by the Committees of the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon.

In what I conceived to be a mood of artistic grace, I had intended that it should be used to beautify the walls of the Underground Railways.

But I must plead guilty to artistic adolescence, for the picture has been censored by the UNDERGROUND authorities. I will quote verbatim from their letter:

"The Pope and Bradley posters submitted recently have been returned to you by hand. In our opinion they are lacking in taste and may be the cause of adverse criticism from our passengers. With regard to 'Masters and Mistresses' this is open to objection in that the figures shown in the background are historical personages whose moral characters were not above reproach. Whilst not setting up to be the defenders of public morals, we think it is only right to see that all passengers can travel on our railways without fear of offence."

So often have I been physically crushed on the Underground that I am hoping to survive this mental crushing. At least I possess one uncrushable asset, and that is my sense of humour.

But I do feel that an apology is due from me to the shades of the mighty who are now mercifully rescued from sinking into the depths to which I had inadvertently condemned them. The blame is mine and I accept it. It was my low-down thought which willed them to descend to a modern sewer. I must rise to my level and ask forgiveness from the shades.

May Byron not blast me

May Antony not anathematize me

May Cleopatra not crush me (nor aspire her asp to bite me)

May Charles not chastise me

May Nell not nauseate me

May Raleigh not revile me

And beyond all

May the virgin Queen Elizabeth, whose sweet name is violated by this supersewer censor, vent not her vengeance upon me, but upon him who knows not what he says.

And may God save Merrie England.

Having recovered from this subterranean attack, I should like to mention in the light of day the one moral thing about this House—the prices are so modest they don't even produce profits. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s.

**14 OLD BOND STREET W**  
211 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.  
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER





## A THOUSAND for a TENNER

SIR JOHN. By Jove! 100 to 1, and simply romped home. Believe our coach were the only ones "on" it.

LORD BOB. Our luck's in, old chap. Wired a "Tenner" to my man "Duggie," so I'll have a nice little cheque for a clear "Thou." Monday.

SIR JOHN. Lucky it was Douglas Stuart. Lady Olive wired off a "Tenner" too. Just heard her say she'd get £250 Monday, as her man has a "Limit" of 25's on ordinary races.

LORD BOB. Fancy a "Thou." to me, and only 250 to Lady Olive for the *same* bet, *same* stake.

SIR JOHN. Seems incredible, but it makes all the difference *who* you send to; fortunately, *you* sent to Douglas Stuart, she *didn't*.

LORD BOB. Hard luck for her. I must introduce her to "Duggie" and get her a Credit Account.

Write to-day and open a

# CREDIT ACCOUNT

# DOUGLAS STUART

*Member of ALL Principal Sporting Clubs.*

NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.



Continued.]

**More About Skirts.**

I return to the subject of short skirts to say that last year at Ascot, when it rained heavily and suddenly, I never heard heartier laughter in the Royal Enclosure—not usually a very hilarious place—than at the sprinting for cover of some of the wearers of these abbreviated garments. It was like the most strenuous running at lawn-tennis, and all right on the courts; but at the Royal Meeting, in the Royal presences, it was undignified, ungraceful, and ludicrous—so ludicrous that one laughed and laughed. To say that very short skirts afford freedom is quite misleading; they hobble the knees, as once we delighted to hobble the ankles. The smartness of them—and I have seen them look the very acme of smartness—depends upon the symmetry of the limbs disclosed, and on the unassailable youth of the wearer.

“Buttonholes forward, please,” is the order to flower-growers from the director of the fashions for the mere male. The King usually wears a white carnation, and did so at Ascot. Frequently he is credited with a gardenia buttonhole. This, however, is Lord Lonsdale's prerogative, and I am told that his Majesty dislikes the scent of gardenias, as a number of lesser people also do. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry all wore white buttonholes, and almost every man of the Windsor Castle house-party was provided with this floral adjunct. This is a distinct lead back to the fashion of the buttonhole. The Royal gardeners had their orders; and what man is there who, having been given a floral favour in a Royal castle, would not wear it?

Our little old London, is it losing its reputation, won during the Edwardian era, for being the playground of Europe? That reputation was worth a great deal to it. It was a stand-by,



Photo. Reutlinger.  
The brilliance of emerald-green satin is further enhanced by touches of gold embroidery.

even during the war, when we never had so dull a season in the Metropolis itself as this one is proving. Always London was full, always its places of amusement were supported. We had no Courts, it is true—nor are we to have any this season—but we had many big war-fund affairs. Everyone hopes that this is the very duller season we shall ever be called upon to endure. The miners' strike is not wholly to blame for it—it would be difficult to say what else exactly is, save that those who have money will not circulate it, and that our rich visitors from abroad are receiving no social encouragement to spend theirs. I met a very affluent couple the other day on the eve of leaving for Paris, because London was not amusing them at all!

**Mixed Relations.**

There are several ladies in the Ulster Parliament, which the King is to open in person this week. They are representative women, too, who have worthily won the confidence of the electors. Will the Ulster Senate admit women, I wonder? The Duchess of Abercorn is a particularly able one, so is the Marchioness of Londonderry, so is Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard. All these will, however, be represented by their husbands, and as the Ulster Senate is itself elected, and not, like our Upper House, an hereditary institution, peeresses in their own right will not have to worry about seats. Anyway, to be truly Hibernian, I don't think that there are any. Baroness de Ros, who lives for the most part in Ireland, and is Irish, holds the premier barony of England; she is by marriage Countess of Dartrey, which earldom is Irish, so we are really something mixed in our Anglo-Irish relations.

**An Unconventional Wedding.**

To the conventional a Salvation Army wedding presents many small shocks. I was present at that of General Booth's elder son to

*[Continued overleaf.]*

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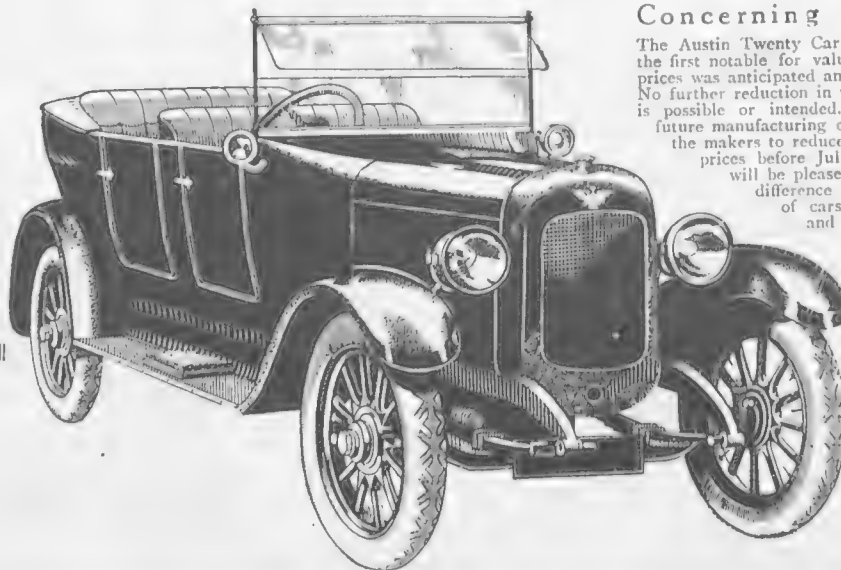
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**THE CHAMPION HILL-CLIMBER.**

The Austin Twenty was first on formula at Holme Moss, the Bradford Automobile Club Contest, Saturday, June 4th.

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The Austin Twenty Car has been from the first notable for value. The fall in prices was anticipated and provided for. No further reduction in the Austin price is possible or intended. If, however, future manufacturing conditions allow the makers to reduce the catalogue prices before July 1, 1921, they will be pleased to refund the difference to purchasers of cars between now and then.





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O & S  
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Date 18th May, 1921.

H.L. Richardson, Esq.,  
Messrs. The Dunlop Rubber Co.,  
46, North Wallace Street,  
GLASGOW.

Dear Mr. Richardson,

A customer of ours,  
Mr. G.G. Coghill, 75/77, Colmore Row, Bir-  
mingham, writes under date the 17th inst.,  
as follows:-

"Incidentally I would just like to  
mention that I have four Dunlop  
Magnum tyres fitted. I have done  
over 7,000 miles and I have not  
yet had a puncture. In fact the  
tyres look good for a few thousand  
miles yet."

The car Mr. Coghill is using is a 15.9 Arrol-  
Johnston type 'A', and I thought you would be  
interested in his remarks.

Yours faithfully,  
For ARROL-JOHNSTON LIMITED

TRADE



MARK

**DUNLOP**  
TYRES OF THE  
**MAGNUM TYPE**

(Continued.)

Miss Jane Ievers Lowther, and thought it about the happiest kind of wedding ceremony I had ever attended, and I go to very many. The singing of what we should call a hymn, but the S.A. calls a song, to the tune associated with "Robin Adair," brought to my mind many inconclusive disputes as to what is and what is not sacred music. Applause at the conclusion of the ceremony seemed odd, and laughter when the ring was put on and at other times during its progress. It was not, however, a consecrated building we were in, but a public hall. The brotherly friendliness of the way the Booth family, including the newly married pair, spoke to the great assembly of people struck me as beautiful. It was so humanly sympathetic, so understanding, and so simple and intimate.

#### Pleasure and Profit.

A sale at Waring and Gillow's is a thing to keep well in front in our memory cells. One has been in progress there since the 20th, which is surprising and delighting many thousands of eager customers, who have the very nicest kind of confirmation of pre-war prices—nay, better still, of pre-war sale prices. In materials the value offered is astonishing, and we all know the splendid quality of Waring and Gillow's things. In the linen department there are remarkable bargains in bed and table and all household requisites. Handkerchiefs are a specialty which will be most keenly appreciated. In very limited space it is impossible to give any idea of special bargains at this great house—so successful that, large as it is, it has recently been added to. I can only say that to the tasteful and economical, a visit to this sale will be one of pleasure and of profit.

#### What Women Adore and Men Like.

What man or woman of us is there who does not adore a secret? It is a question whether we like it better after or before it has been divulged. Harrods have given, in a



(Photo, Talbot.)  
Just a smart plain blue-serge dress, with here and there touches of beige crêpe-de-Chine.

beautifully produced and illustrated book, the "Secret of Harrods." People who think must often have puzzled how inside half a century a world-wide business, a name affectionately regarded at home and abroad, a palatial establishment with branches overseas, can have been evolved from an inconspicuous slip of a shop in Knightsbridge. Well, the "Secret of Harrods" is divulged in the booklet, which will be sent by that ever-enterprising firm to clients and would-be clients. The reading is very fascinating as a romance of commerce, and the pictures are delightfully illustrative of the luxurious way in which Harrods provide for millions of customers.

**A Fiddler's Fate.** By way of a change, I am going to give a real Irish epitaph. I saw it myself on an old tombstone in Castle Caldwell, and suggest it for Pussyfoot propaganda—

To the memory of Dennis McCabe, Fiddler, who fell out of the St. Patrick's Barge belonging to Sir James Caldwell, Bart and Count of Milan, in the year 1775.

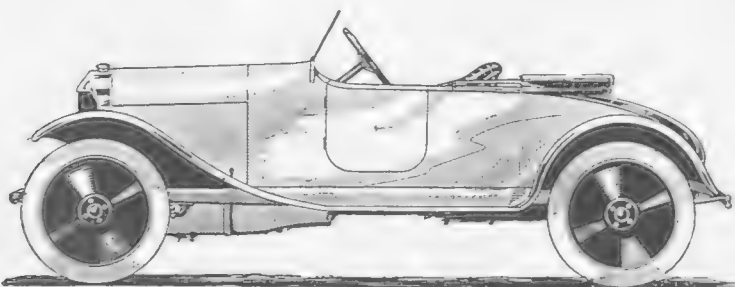
Beware, ye fiddlers, of the fiddler's fate,  
Nor tempt the deep, lest ye repent too late.  
Ye ever have to water been deemed foes,  
Then shun the Lake till it with whisky flows.  
On firm land only drink your fill,  
There you can play and safely exercise your skill.

D.D.D.

Dennis Died Drunk.

The lake is Lough Erne, which is about sixty miles long, and on which many accidents more unaccountable than that to Dennis have occurred. This is a season *apropos des bottes*, so I make no apology for the epitaph, which is rhyme, if it isn't reason.

The William Browning specialty referred to as "Semprolax" Brand Snow in the issue of June 8 should, of course, have been called "Semprolia" Brand Snow.



In these days of untried designs and hastily produced cars, the true merits of the pre-war car show up.

Both the D.F.P. models have undergone steady development since their inception in 1912—they are fully proven.

#### Two well-tried models.

The 10-12 economy model, with electric lighting, chassis price, £430; two-seater from £535; four-seater from £595.

The 12-40, sporting model, with electric starting and lighting, spare disc wheel and tool-kit, chassis price, £675; two-seater, £800; four-seater de luxe, £850.

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Raymond M.

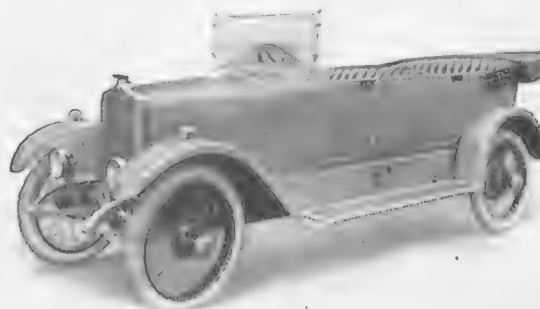
## INVINCIBLE TALBOT

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"The Motor," Feb. 2nd, 1921, says: "In brief, this new 15 h.p. TALBOT, while possessing all the good features which built up such an excellent name for its prototype, is a much refined and greatly improved edition. It should attain a position among modern cars similar to that held by the old 15 h.p. model—one of greatly respected repute."

THE NEW "FIFTEEN," which has been so well received by the Motoring Press, has been fittingly named "The Aristocrat of Medium Powered Cars," and is both from the point of view of design, efficiency and finish, one of the finest products of the famous Clement-Talbot Factories.

Write for particulars of the 25 h.p. Model, so successful last season, the petrol consumption of which, under touring conditions, averages 18/21 m.p.g., and is renowned for its reliability, durability and achievements.  
Any Car taken in part payment for the 25 h.p. or 30 h.p. models.

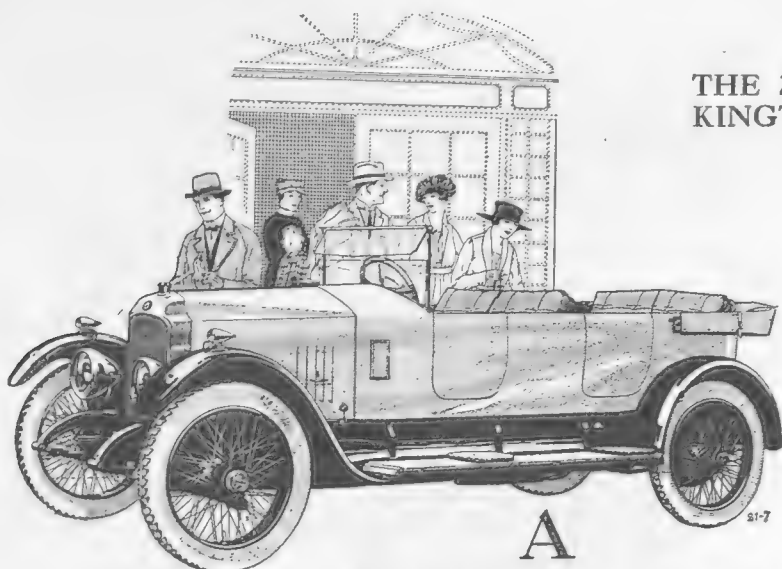


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## A delightful car to drive

THE engine is full of life, and the clutch, gears, and brakes operate with refined efficiency. Thanks to these advantages and to lightness of steering and steadiness on the road, the car can be driven the whole day long without fatigue. Above all is to be mentioned the smooth, comfortable running at a speed which the driver feels to be an easy pace for the car—35 to 45 miles per hour—and which, without 'pushing,' yields an excellent average on a long journey.

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"Motorist" will find that the 25 h.p. Vauxhall, with open Kington body, will do 18 m.p.g. on petrol and 20 m.p.g. on benzole or a mixture of the two. Oil consumption is quite extraordinary, at least, in my case, about 2,000 miles per gallon. It never loses a drop by leakage, and the

engine keeps absolutely clean and oil-tight. I have done 8,000 miles on under 4 gallons of Castrol. My tyre mileage has been 8,000 miles for the front (the original tyres are still on), and about 5,000 for the rear tyres. G.H.M.—  
"The Autocar" (correspondence columns), May 21, 1921.

Ask for catalogue KR. in which full particulars are given of the two types of chassis (25 h.p. and 30-98 h.p., sporting) and of open and closed cars

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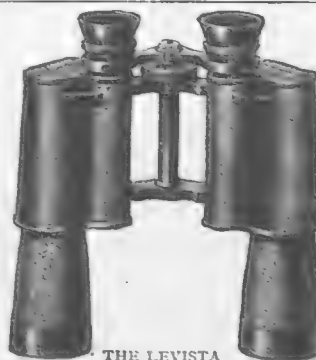
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15.9-H.P. Five-Seater - £950

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## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## TRADE.

IT looks very much as though the strike will be over before these notes appear, and it is generally hoped that business will revive a little. We think it probably will, for a while at any rate. There must be a certain accumulation of orders, a reduction in the Bank Rate can reasonably be expected, and the Government have been driven to further borrowing. The floating debt is some £70,000,000 greater than it was at this time last year, which means that the nation's spending power has been increased to that extent. Admitted that it is artificial, unhealthy, and possibly only temporary, but the fact remains.

On the other hand, we should like to sound a word of warning. The effects of the coal stoppage are only now beginning to make themselves felt, and strikes, like wars, have got to be paid for in the end. Revenue is already down by nearly £100,000,000, while the reduction in expenditure amounts to only a fraction of that sum. At the time the Budget was introduced we expressed our conviction that the estimates of both revenue and expenditure would eventually have to be revised out of all recognition. Now we imagine they will have to be entirely recast.

A revival of business, however short, would indeed be welcome, but it would be folly to imagine that we are yet at the end of our difficulties, and we strongly recommend a policy of cautious optimism for the next few months.

## HERE AND THERE.

Burmah Corporation shares are down to 6s. 6d., at which figure the state of the lead and silver markets seems to be pretty fully discounted. The proposed deal with the associated lead manufacturers is off, so presumably the suggested issue of Debentures will prove unnecessary, although the Company have one or two financial problems to tackle; such as the Namtu Branch Railway.

The Corporation's annual report should arrive within the next few weeks, and will probably afford a good deal of information which is not available at present. We adhere to our previously expressed opinion that the shares are worth holding.

A certain amount of buying of London and Rhodesians has been going on of late, and is said to emanate from a very clever quarter. The shares are "a 'snorrible gamble," of course, but there may be something in it.

A correspondent asks us for a good investment to yield about 8 per cent. General Electric 7 per cent. Debentures (£15 paid) can be bought at 2½ discount, which equals £90. The yield is not quite 8 per cent., but the security is good, and the price will go better.

The great difficulty of Mr. McKenna's reparation plan is its enforcement. For example, if we insisted on the delivery of practically the whole of the sugar production of Germany, it does not necessarily follow that labour would be withdrawn from manufacture in order to grow the additional sugar required for home consumption. Might the Germans not find it more profitable to continue to produce goods, and with the money import the sugar which they need?

Still, the merits of the idea enormously outweigh any possible disadvantages.

Austria has at last made a start towards deflation. There is a long, long way still to go, but a beginning is something. A capital levy has enabled the Government to destroy four milliards of bank notes, and a like amount of Treasury bills.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"By knocking off a couple of pounds for the value of the rights, Lyons will look cheap," The Merchant was saying.

"But they can't maintain the dividend on the doubled Ordinary share capital, I take it?"

"They won't want to. Lyons are paying 42½ per cent. now, and with management like the Company has, a 50 per cent. dividend is easily in sight."

"The customers might start grumbling, and their employees too, if the shareholders received 50 per cent."

"Just what they would do. So the directors double the capital and halve the dividend. Comes to the same thing; gives them scope to raise the dividend without unpopularity; increases the marketability of the shares—"

"That's enough, Brokie. You're getting almost as clever as Lyons are."

"Wish I were," was the prompt aspiration. "To my mind, Lyons carry management to a science, and I think, myself, they deserve the success they make of things."

"Some of their competitors might take a leaf out of their book, with advantage to everyone concerned. Now, yesterday I went to lunch at—"

[Continued overleaf.]



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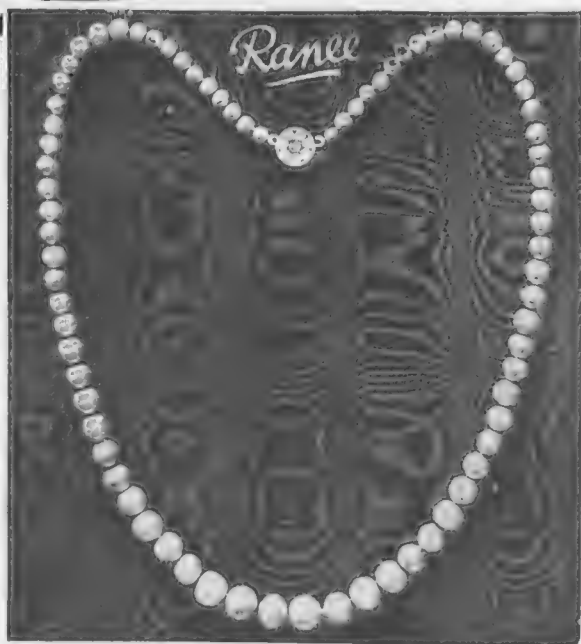
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DAINTY FROCK (as sketch) in good quality voile with rose design, and trimmed quilted ribbon, entirely hand-sewn. In white/mauve, white/cherry, rose/green, and black with rose design and saxe ribbon. Price

Size for 2 years	49/6
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" " 4 "	59/6
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BARGAINS  
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High-grade  
Goods.



25 Coats and Skirts in three different designs, of which sketch—with coat made of taffeta and corded suiting, becomingly worked and plain, well-cut skirt—is a typical example. In navy, black, nigger, and mole.  
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Wrap Cloak cut on entirely new, lines with waistcoat front and yoke of soft black satin, attractively finished with lace frills and ruffle.  
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Useful Tea frock in good quality chiffon taffetas, new open bodice with inset sleeves, full skirt finished at waist with large sash to tie as required, collar and cuffs and vest in ecru silk. Georgette edged pleated frills. In all colours and black.  
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New Short Jumper made in heavy quality Crêpe-de-Chine with deep border of hand crochet silk, narrow trimming of same finishes neck and sleeves. In ivory and black, also a large range of colours.  
**Sale Price, 29/6**



Smart Walking Shoe, glacé kid, steel slide. Louis XV heel, pointed or medium toe.  
**Original Price 63/-  
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Outdoor  
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Model  
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Patterns and sketches sent on application.  
Goods on approval on receipt of trade references

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SUPER  
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40 inches wide. 10/6 per yard.

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*SMART HAT (as sketch) in sage blue aerophane with deep brim bound with shaded velvet poppies.*

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*This hat can be made to order in any colour.*

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Goods sent on approval on receipt of their full value (as deposit) or a London Trade Reference.

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Wonderful  
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Commences Monday Next, June 27  
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Smart Patent Court Shoe, brogue finish, small steel slide. Leather Cuban heel. Original Price ... 59/6  
Sale Price ... 39/6  
Also a few pairs in black suede.

Spun Silk Hose, very silky finish, equally suitable for town or country wear, in black and a large variety of colours (as sketch).

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Picture Hat in Taffeta and lace. In navy, nigger and black. Sale Price ... 39/6  
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Attractive Jumper Blouse in Crêpe-de-Chine, with border of silk crochet. The square neck outlined narrow band of same. Made in ivory, silver grey, putty, nigger, rust, lemon, jade, saxe, champagne, mid grey, navy and black. Sale Price ... 29/6

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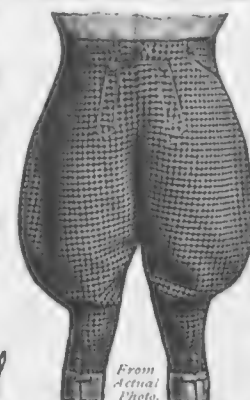
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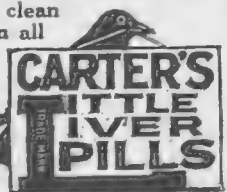


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10,000 in-patients and 20,000 out-patients receive attention  
EVERY DAY at the Hospitals of London.

250 Hospitals, Dispensaries and Nursing Associations  
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## HOSPITAL SUNDAY 26th JUNE, 1921

offers you the great annual opportunity of doing your  
part in helping the great work of the London hospitals.

### NO BEDS NEED REMAIN CLOSED

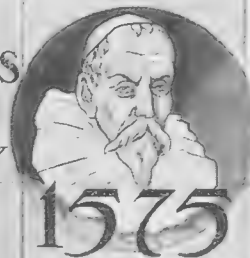
if this appeal is responded to adequately. On the contrary,  
additional beds would be available immediately. Waiting  
lists, the cause of much suffering, would be a thing of the past.

The Hospitals of London were handed down to us in a sound  
and workmanlike condition by our predecessors, and to their  
generosity, charity and compassion these institutions have stood as a  
monument to the present day. It must never be that we pass them  
on in a debilitated or bankrupt state to those who come after us.

PLEASE SEND A CONTRIBUTION either to your Vicar or  
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THE marble-like sur-  
face cannot harbour  
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Continued.]

"I think Siemens Ordinary are a good investment, also," interposed The Broker, just in time to save *The Sketch* from an expensive libel action. "They are pretty sure to keep up their tax-free 10 per cent., so at a pound the yield is well over 10 per cent., if you take the tax into account."

"I thought you wouldn't let us buy any Ordinary shares," remarked The Engineer. "For months past, you've been preaching Safety and Six Per Cent., or Preference and Patience."

"And haven't I been right?" The Broker defended himself. "All the Ordinary shares have gone down—most of them, anyway. And investment stocks have gone up."

"True, O Sapientia! Why do you now depart from such austere severities, to dally in the daisied dells of doubtful dividends?"

The Broker stared at him, and The Jobber sympathetically suggested the name of a famous brain-specialist.

"D'you think trade is going to recover?" asked The Merchant.

"Candidly, I'm afraid not yet. And Preference shares are the safest things to stick to, even now. But there are still a few Ordinary that seem to me reasonably good, and for big dividends people must take risks."

"London Electric Railway Ten-pounders," suggested The Engineer. "I hear them well spoken of."

"As a gamble, not so bad," agreed The Broker. "And they do pay a dividend, anyway. About 2s. 3d. a share, I think it was, last year. So there's 4 or 5 per cent. on your money at 55s."

"It's a spec., anyhow. I don't see them quoted often. How is it that some shares, quite out-of-the-way things, you can always find in one paper or another, and yet—"

"Now it's your turn," said The Jobber to The City Editor. "You're very quiet this morning. Here's a chance to air your ker-knowledge."

"Can you explain it?" asked The Engineer. "It's a thing that has often puzzled me; this quoting of certain shares, and not of others. Of course, you always see the War Loan, and railway stocks, and Lyons, and things like that. But others?"

"I've heard that there are companies which actually pay newspapers to quote the prices of their shares," The Broker declared.

"Why, your own paper tells you that, every working-day of your life. Look here, I'll show it to you. There's the paragraph. It's not printed in the most aggressive-sized type, of course."

The Broker read it. "Well, I'll be—"

"Better not be, Brokie. Or some day, you might be, you know. Let's have a look."

The paragraph travelled full circuit. And not a man there, except The City Editor, had read it before.

"It's very nicely put, I will say that," The Broker admitted. "But do you mean to say that all the papers—"

"No, not all. They generally tell you, too. If you take the trouble to look."

"Well, if they're getting money from a company to quote its shares," argued The Merchant, "the company may refuse to go on having it done if the paper criticises—er—shall we say harshly? Does it strike you like that?"

"Verily and indeed, forsooth, the kitten is opening its eyes, as I think you remarked on a previous occasion," said The Jobber. "I fear my education has been mismanaged—not to say neglected."

"You've had the information in front of you all the time," The City Editor pointed out. "There's nothing secret about it. By the way, you don't seem much busier, in spite of the coal-strike developments."

"Nobody's got any money," lamented The Broker.

"Nobody but the people who made money out of the strike," replied The Engineer.

"Nobody did."

"Oh, didn't they! What about those owners who had big stocks of coal that they've been selling at famine prices? Why, man alive! there are plenty who would have been glad for the strike to continue another couple of months."

"Brokie," said The Jobber, leaning forward and speaking very seriously, "we have missed our true vocations. I ought to have been a coalowner with huge hoards of coal during a strike."

"Yes," nodded his friend, "and I am just thinking about becoming a newspaper that gets paid to publish prices. I'll come to lunch with you to-day—at your expense—and we'll just talk things over!"

Friday, June 17, 1921.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

INQUIRER.—We see not the slightest attraction in purchasing roubles as a speculation until you can buy them so cheaply that you are sure of making a profit by selling them as waste-paper!

RAB.—See above.

TAUNTONIAN.—(1) Seven per cent. for the last three years; (2) In all probability. The financial policy of the Board has been very sound, and we believe they are doing a fair business.

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Twenty years younger in an hour's treatment. Genuine. Harmless. Permanent. The **only** perfect, successful method of restoring dropped muscles to the contour of youth.

The following are a few of the facial imperfections which can be corrected permanently from within one hour:—

1. **Sagging Face.** When the cheeks have dropped and the facial contour is lost. (Restored in one hour.)
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ESTABLISHED 1910

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in hot weather is a  
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salad with a little

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1/2 and 2/- a Bottle.

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Sailing—motoring—golfing? Would  
you be drifting in a punt with a  
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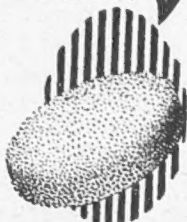
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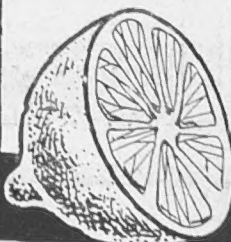
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